

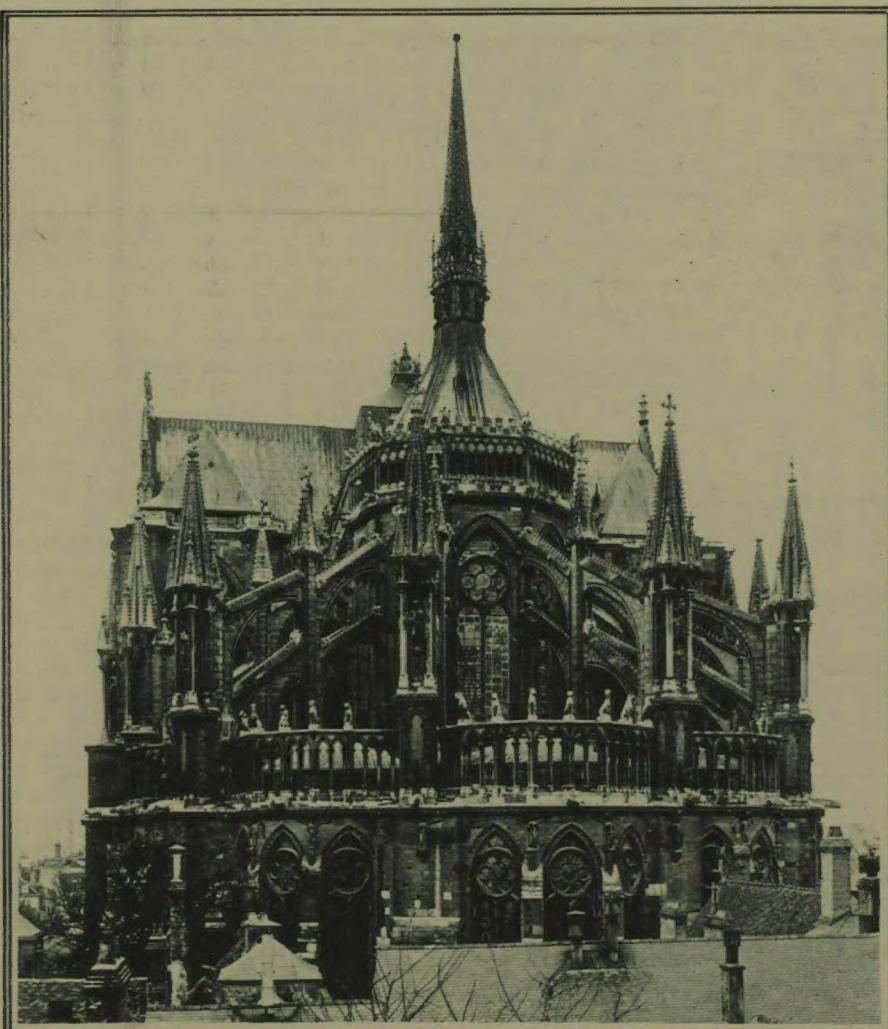
PIGEONS TO RACE FROM AMIENS; RHEIMS CATHEDRAL REOPENED.



A GREAT RACE OF HOMING PIGEONS FROM HITCHIN BACK TO NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE AND ELSEWHERE IN THE NORTH OF ENGLAND: THE SCENE AT THE START

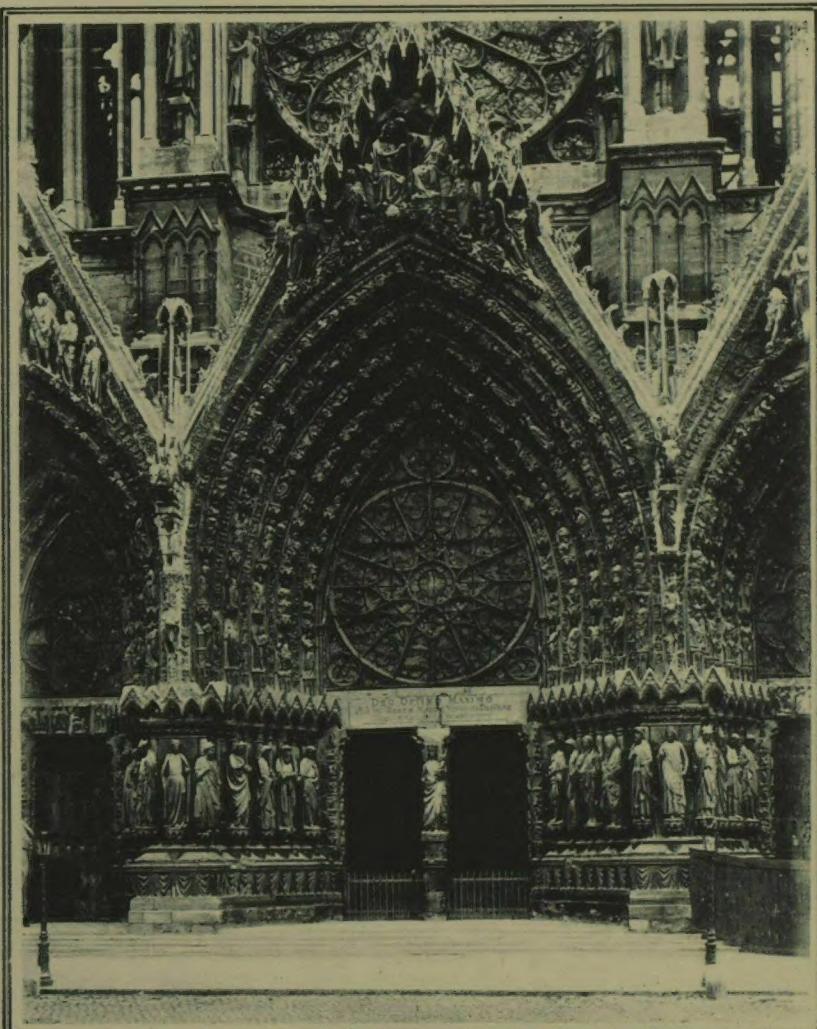


SOME OF THE 50,000 HOMING PIGEONS LEAVING HITCHIN FOR THEIR FLIGHT TO THE NORTH: A SCENE TO BE REPEATED AT AMIENS, MELUN, AND NEVERS.



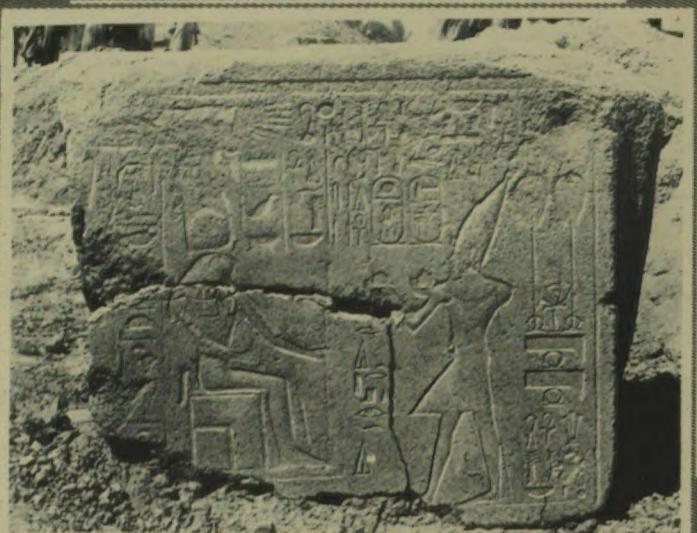
THE COMPLETION OF THE FIRST STAGE IN THE RESTORATION OF RHEIMS CATHEDRAL: THE EAST END OF THE NAVE, WHICH HAS BEEN RE-ROOFED, WITH THE TRANSEPT.

A great race of homing pigeons, promoted by the Up-North Combine of pigeon-fanciers' associations, took place on Saturday, May 28. Some 50,000 birds, packed in 2000 cane baskets, were brought to Hitchin in two special trains from Newcastle-on-Tyne and South Shields, calling at various places en route for other competitors. At Hitchin they were released in eight groups at intervals. The distance from the start to each bird's destination is calculated in yards. The time of departure is registered to the nearest second, and that of arrival fixed by the bird's owner, who removes a rubber ring from its leg and places it in a special registering clock. These clocks are collected, and the bird showing the highest speed is the winner. The Up-North Combine will run races from Amiens on June 25, and



USED FOR PUBLIC WORSHIP ON ASCENSION DAY FOR THE FIRST TIME SINCE THE WAR: RHEIMS CATHEDRAL—THE GREAT WEST DOOR, WITH ITS STATUARY.

from Melun and Nevers on July 6.—Rheims Cathedral was used for public worship, for the first time since the war, on Ascension Day (May 26), when High Mass was celebrated in the restored nave, and the aged Archbishop, Cardinal Luçon, who is eighty-five, afterwards gave an address describing the ordeal through which the Cathedral passed during the war. The last previous Mass said in it was on September 19, 1914, with a single worshipper. The bombardment had begun; that night the woodwork caught fire, and the whole building was gutted. Throughout the war it was constantly under fire, and sustained 287 direct hits. The restoration so far has taken eight years. Mr. John D. Rockefeller jun. has contributed munificently to the work, and the Duke of Portland raised 400,000 francs.

GREAT DISCOVERIES IN EGYPT: NEW LIGHT ON THE XIIITH DYNASTY.

1. A BEAUTIFUL RED GRANITE LINTEL INSCRIBED WITH A BAS-RELIEF OF AMENOPHIS II.: A SCULPTURED FRAGMENT FOUND BETWEEN THE SACRED LAKE AND THE SACRED WELL AT MADAMUD.



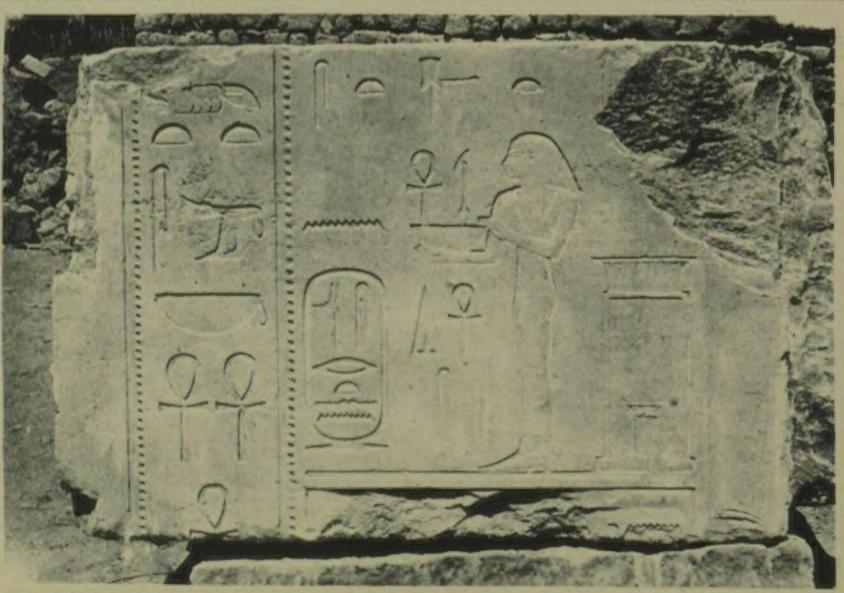
2. A FAMILY OF ROMAN PILGRIMS AT THE FEAST OF MONTOU, THE THEBAN WAR-GOD, THAT CONTINUED INTO ROMAN TIMES: "A CURIOUS AND QUITE UNUSUAL BAS-RELIEF" FROM MADAMUD.



3. "AFTER SEVENTEEN CENTURIES, WALLS OF THE GREAT TEMPLE OF MONTOU ONCE AGAIN REFLECTED IN THE LIQUID MIRROR": THE SACRED LAKE AT MADAMUD FILLED BY NATURAL INFILTRATION.



4. FRAGMENTS OF ANCIENT STATUES, PILLARS, AND SCULPTURED STONES USED BY LATER PTOLEMAIC ARCHITECTS AS FOUNDATIONS: A MEDLEY OF RICH ARCHAEOLOGICAL TREASURE IN THE TEMPLE BASEMENT.



5. A BAS-RELIEF OF THE XIIITH DYNASTY FOUND DURING THE EXCAVATIONS AT MADAMUD: A RARE REPRESENTATION OF SATIT, THE GODDESS OF ARCHERY.



6. RECONSTRUCTED FRAGMENTS OF XIIITH DYNASTY BAS-RELIEF: ONE OF MANY EXAMPLES FOUND OF A HITHERTO UNKNOWN PERIOD IN EGYPTIAN ART, WITH VERY DISTINCTIVE TECHNIQUE.

We illustrate on these two pages new discoveries of great importance, throwing a flood of light on a hitherto obscure period in ancient Egyptian history (the XIIIth Dynasty), and affording data towards the solution of the great chronological problem as to the length of the interval between the XIth and the XVIIth Dynasties. The excavations, at the Temple of Madamud, were conducted by M. Bisson de la Roque on behalf of the Louvre, under the supreme control of M. Georges Foucart, Director of the French Institute of Oriental Archaeology. A recent account in the "Times," inspired by M. Foucart, said: "The numerous statues of Senosrit III., as also the inscriptions of the same king, proved that the older temple belonged to the XIth Dynasty, B.C. 2466-2266. Clearance of the surface of the Ptolemaic temple and its Roman annexes laid bare a sanctuary, more than 120 metres long by 52 wide, commenced by Tiberius, continued by Vespasian, and completed by

Antony the Pious. . . . Towards the end of 1926 were unearthed four groups of finely carved limestone statues, almost unique in Egyptian archaeology, of the local god Montou, god of war (the Mars of the Egyptian Pantheon), and of his partner, the goddess Ra-Tooui (Photographs Nos. 8, 11, and 12). These are the first statues ever found of these two divinities. One of these groups is now in the Cairo Museum beside a head of Senosrit III. (No. 10), which may justly be regarded as one of the most perfect examples of the great royal art of the period. The fact that this sanctuary has been consistently dedicated, from the XIth Dynasty down to the Graeco-Roman times, to Montou, indicates the important rôle, possibly more important than that of his successor, Ammon Ra himself, played by his cult. A further illustration of this was a curious and quite unusual bas-relief (No. 2) showing a family of Roman pilgrims, father, mother, and two children,

(Continued opposite.)

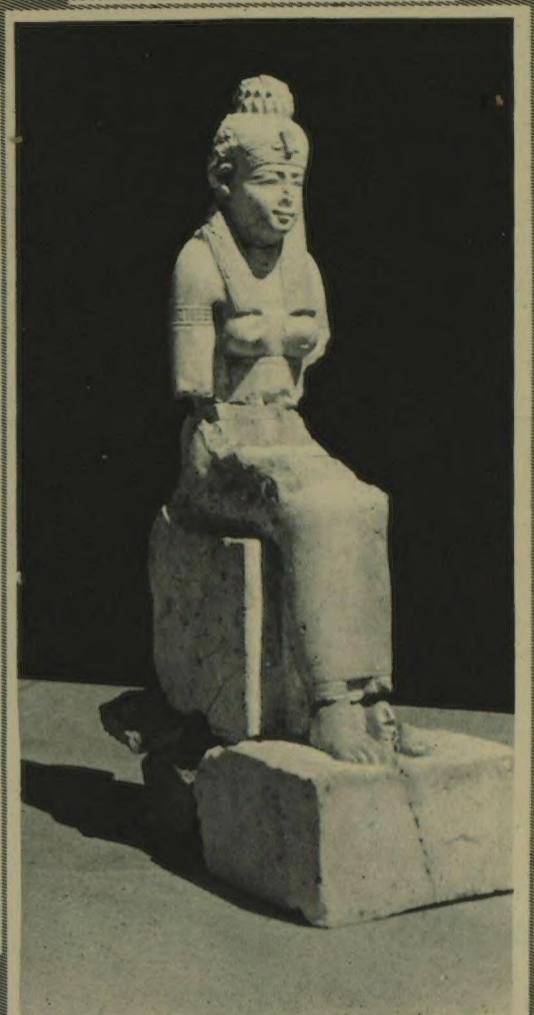
MADAMUD TREASURES: THE FIRST STATUE OF THE EGYPTIAN "MARS."



7. AN UNKNOWN KING OF THE XIIIth DYNASTY: THE MOST IMPORTANT OF SEVEN PHARAOHS OF THAT HITHERTO OBSCURE PERIOD WHO ARE REPRESENTED AT MADAMUD.



8. THE FIRST STATUE EVER FOUND OF THE THEBAN WAR-GOD, MONTOU: THE "MARS" OF THE EGYPTIAN PANTHEON.



11. THE FIRST STATUE EVER DISCOVERED OF THE GODDESS RA-TOUI, CONSORT OF MONTOU: ONE OF THE SCULPTURES FROM MADAMUD "ALMOST UNIQUE IN EGYPTIAN ARCHAEOLOGY."



9. ANOTHER UNKNOWN PHARAOH BROUGHT TO LIGHT AT MADAMUD: THE HEAD OF A STATUE OF A KING OF THE XIIth OR XIIIth DYNASTY NOT YET IDENTIFIED.



12. A SIDE VIEW OF THE FIRST STATUE OF MONTOU, THEBAN GOD OF WAR (SEEN ALSO IN FIG. 8) EVER DISCOVERED: THE DEITY OF THE MADAMUD TEMPLE, POSSIBLY MORE IMPORTANT THAN AMMON-RA HIMSELF.

10. "ONE OF THE MOST PERFECT EXAMPLES OF THE GREAT ROYAL ART OF THE PERIOD": THE HEAD OF THE FINEST AMONG SEVERAL NEW STATUES OF SENOSRIT III. DISCOVERED AT MADAMUD.



Continued.

participating in the feast—retained, according to inscriptions, in Roman times—annually celebrated at Madamud; a night banquet with orgies of the kind mentioned by Herodotus. . . . The excavations brought to light four great free-stone walls which indicated a sacred lake. . . . It became evident that infiltration would prevent clearing down to the bottom of the lake. . . . The waters inundated the lake (No. 3) and, after about seventeen centuries of interruption, the walls of the temple are once again reflected in the liquid mirror. . . . Between the lake and the sacred well was found a piece of a beautiful red granite lintel inscribed with a bas-relief of Amenophis II. (No. 1). . . . The basement of Madamud was made up of an enormous mass of superimposed layers of stone from ancient edifices used as foundations by the architects of the Ptolemys. . . . What has

been found constitutes a treasure. . . . The sensational part of this year's excavations is the discovery of portions of doors, uprights, decorated lintels, carved columns, and walls with bas-reliefs (e.g., No. 6), all belonging to the famous and enigmatical XIIIth Dynasty. . . . Seven kings of this Dynasty have left at Madamud evidence of their architectural work. . . . The most important is a new unknown king of this Dynasty (No. 7), whose name will shortly be published. . . . The style of these bas-reliefs reveals an art very different from that of the XIIth Dynasty. . . . We have here a new section of Egyptian art. . . . The great (chronological) problem has been the interval between the XIIth and the XVIth Dynasty. Opinions differ by a thousand years. The evidence furnished by Madamud will constitute the most important link in the whole question."

"Do-ments" and Comments: 1854-1882.

"THE DIARY OF LADY FREDERICK CAVENDISH." EDITED BY JOHN BAILEY.*

TO use Glynnese, the family language peculiar to the Lytteltons and the Gladstones, children of Glynne mothers, there was no humdrumanity about the life of Lucy Caroline Lyttelton, afterwards Lady Frederick Cavendish. Born in the social and political purple, she attended many a notable "do-ment" and, what is more to the point, she was an estimable enthusiast whose interest in the great world was constant, keen, kindly—and critical. Her Diary reveals her from August 15, 1854, when she was on the verge of a precocious thirteen, until that fateful day in 1882 on which her well-beloved husband was murdered by Invincibles in Phoenix Park: "all my blessed joy of many years wrecked in the darkness." And always it proves her to have been as vivacious, as outspoken, in some ways as "advanced," as she was deeply religious and, perhaps a little nepotically, partisan.

1854-1882: how recent it is and how distant it appears! Certain of the entries give almost a shock of surprise. In 1857, after the burning of Hawarden Church, which was thought to have been due to criminals: "All the clergy are sending for 6-barrelled revolvers; Uncle Henry has his gardener under his stairs, and Mr. Austin sows gunpowder on his window-sills: he will probably blow up."

Then we have croquet as "a nice Irish game"; in '66 the successful laying of the Transatlantic telegraph cable, after several failures; in '71 "the rest of the Budget withdrawn, and a 2d. income tax clapt on to cover everything"; in the same year the London Fire Brigade offering to go over to Paris to assist in putting out the fires started by the Communists; '74 with Gladstone's "grand plum of abolition of the Income Tax, on the strength of a great surplus of £5,000,000"; the diarist's first experience of electric light and the fountain pen; and in '78, "a wretched new craze called a Telephone," and, three years later, the note: "That enchanting new marvel, a telephone, has been put up, whereby Castle and Rectory converse *ad libitum*. Uncle W. [Mr. Gladstone], who is in some respects the greatest Tory out, will have nothing to say to it."

As to personal impressions, they are often as caustic as they are piquant. First: public entertainment. Lady Frederick sampled "a very low diversion, Christy's Minstrels, full of excessively broad, vulgar fun, with one or two pretty things"; saw "wretched Blondin" doing "his feats on the tight-rope (it was not tight at all) at an awful height"; laughed at John Parry and German Reed until she was exhausted; appreciated the glorious singing of the Jubilee Singers—"emancipated slaves, every one of them from the Southern States"; and regarded Sarah Bernhardt as "shameless": "Not content with being run after on the stage, this woman is asked to respectable people's houses to act, and even to luncheon and dinner; and all the world goes. It is an outrageous scandal!" Irving, however, was appreciated: "We went with Alfred Howard and Spencer to see 'Richelieu' with Irving; he was excellent, tho' too like a swearing cat at times."

Then knowledge garnered at various "drums," as the big political parties were called; at dinners and functions "swellissimus" and "dullissimus major," at bow-meetings, at cricket matches—family and fashionable; and at Court, with the consequent Balls, ceremonies, Breakfasts (now Garden Parties), and

Drawing Rooms (now Courts)—for Lady Frederick was a Maid of Honour to Queen Victoria from June 1863 until her marriage in the following year, and, of course, apart from that was much in royal circles.

Comment is bitter on occasion. Even "Her dear little gracious Majesty, my own Queen," loyally as she was loved and served, did not escape such lines as "Garden Party at Marlborough House; the Queen there, looking her very best, walking round and very gracious. Still with *perfectly perfect* Royal dignity and grace, the more wonderful in a stout little great-grandmother drest in rather dowdy black!"; and "I stoutly maintain that the Queen is entirely within her constitutional rights when she discusses, suggests, objects, or anything else, *with* her Ministers: however much of a bore she may be at times."

"Lord Cawdor, his daughters told me, is so colour-blind that they have to hide the red sealing-wax when they are in mourning for fear of his using it." That was in 1865. Nothing harsh about that, or about Lord Balfour in '70: "a very pretty quaint tall boy, clever and funny"; but "Dizzy"! —in 1868: "The Lord High Conjuror has got to the top of the

"June 29th, 1858.—Every paper is full of articles about the filthy state of the Thames, which has reached an appalling climax: affecting the Imperial Parliament of Great Britain itself, which accordingly sticks chloride of lime in its windows, and has stomach-aches nevertheless."

"Eton, June 4th, 1859.—Our first 4th of June at Eton. . . . There is horrid drunkenness in the boats now, the Captain (Wynne) says his greatest difficulty is to keep them sober. I'm so glad our boys are dry-bobs, in spite of the delightful look of the arrowy boats and brilliant dresses, only I trust cricket will look up under Charles's captaincy, and not be everlasting beaten by Harrow."

"November 28th, 1862.—Garrotting and ticket-of-leave men are great subjects; they are rife enough to make even the principal London streets unsafe."

"August 19th, 1864.—All the fat world are dieting themselves with wonderful thinning effect after a plan recommended by Mr. Banting, whose name is already shining in the firmament of fame."

"May 10th, 1865.—I am triumphant at starting the underservants minus crinoline during their work!"

"January 15th, 1867.—The subject of female suffrage (odious and ridiculous notion as it is) is actually beginning to be spoken of without laughter, and as if it was an open question."

"March 28th, 1881.—Drawing Room distressing from the age and wizziness or blowiness of my friends! . . . The Royalties looked sadly grim, in blackest black; how ghastly it must be to be undergoing a Court mummery with their poor hearts all full of the Russian tragedy! [The assassination of the Emperor Alexander II.] The D. and Dss. of Edinburgh went off to S. Petersb. the very day of the murder, and the P. and Prss. of Wales have gone to the Funeral. Most plucky, when there can be no sort of security against their being blown up all together."

"July 10th, 1881.—There came off a grand review of volunteers in Windsor Park, over 50,000. . . . Only 130 or thereabouts had to go to the ambulance at all, and only 1 man has been ill enough (from sun-stroke) to be sent into hospital. The Queen immensely delighted, and the Crown Prince of Germany, and other foreigners who were present, struck all of a heap. So many men have never been reviewed in England before."

To all of which may be added a note of personal interest, under the date May 11, 1882: "At Keble, I got from the *Illustrated Lon. News*, which

IN HER LATER YEARS: LADY FREDERICK CAVENDISH—A PHOTOGRAPH.

Illustrations Reproduced from "The Diary of Lady Frederick Cavendish," by Courtesy of the Publisher, John Murray.

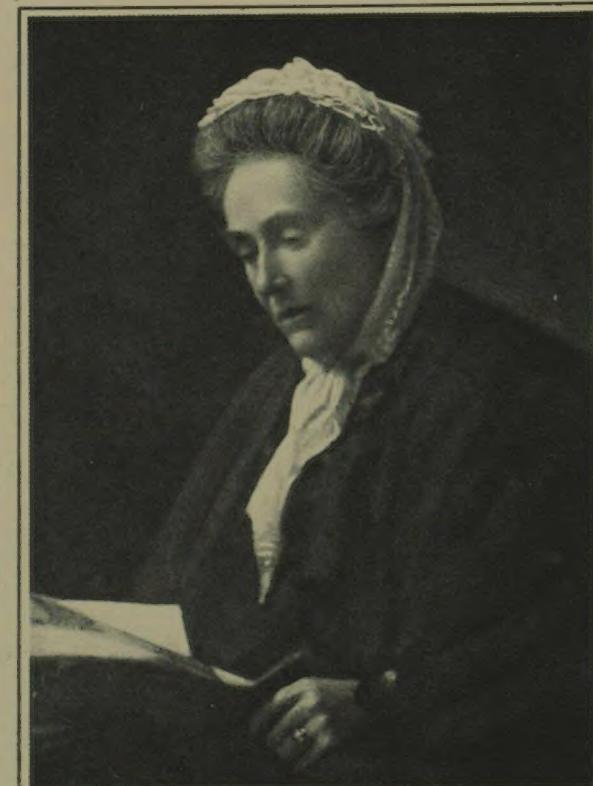
did not print it, a most perfect photograph of my darling, done on the 7th, in the bed at the Ch. Sec.'s Lodge."

Thus goes this story of the yesterday that seems so long ago, this intimate record of the happier days of a life that was full of incident and of understanding. All will rejoice at its publication; and at the discretion with which its Editor has handled it. There must have been moments of that Glynnese "Bathing feel" which is defined as "the state of mind previous to some rather formidable undertaking, resembling that of a child about to fall into the arms of the bathing-woman." But Mr. Bailey is an admirable host at a feast of good things. Never does the reader feel that he is "A Face" at a private table—and be it known that A Face is "a precise rendering of the Latin *umbra* in the sense of an uninvited, or self-invited guest at a dinner. It is frequent with the Rev. Henry Glynn, who would say, 'I went and dined at Hugh Cholmondeley's as a face.'"

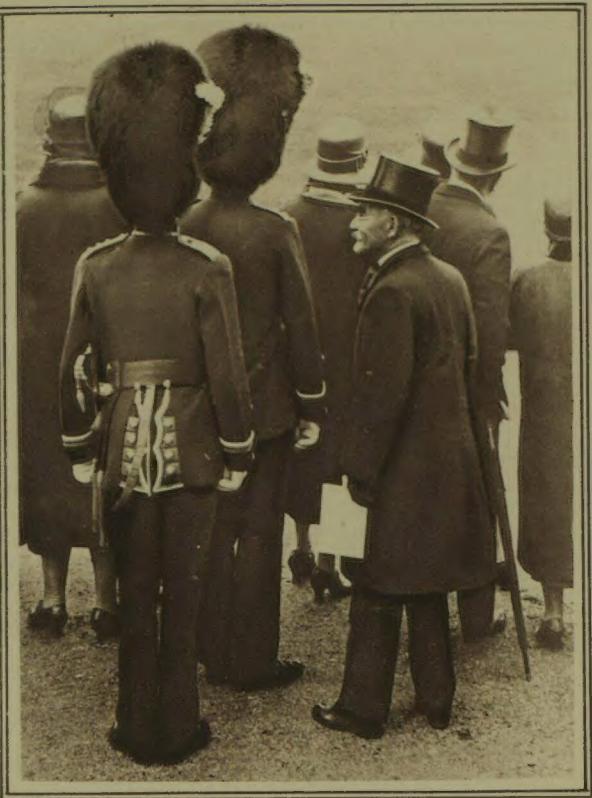
E. H. G.



PAINTED ABOUT THE TIME OF HER MARRIAGE: LADY FREDERICK CAVENDISH.—BY GEORGE RICHMOND, R.A.



IN HER LATER YEARS: LADY FREDERICK CAVENDISH—A PHOTOGRAPH.

ROYAL OCCASIONS: THE KING AND THE IRISH GUARDS;
THE PRINCE OF WALES AT LINCOLN AND OXFORD.

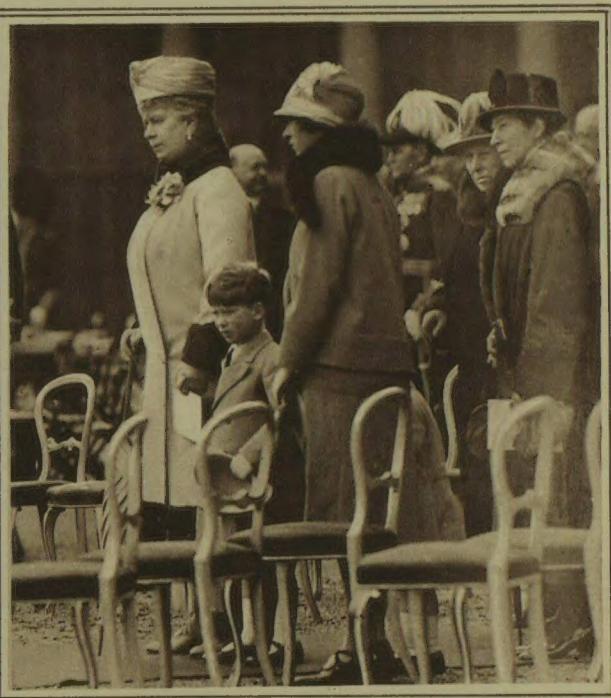
THE EDITOR OF "THE IRISH GUARDS IN THE GREAT WAR" AT THE PRESENTATION OF NEW COLOURS: MR. RUDYARD KIPLING.



THE PRINCE OF WALES (SECOND FROM LEFT) VISITS A FAMOUS MOTOR-CAR FACTORY: INSPECTING A CHASSIS AT THE MORRIS MOTOR WORKS, COWLEY, NEAR OXFORD—SHOWING MR. W. R. MORRIS (EXTREME RIGHT).



THE KING PRESENTS NEW COLOURS TO THE IRISH GUARDS: HIS MAJESTY (ON THE STEPS IN UNIFORM AS THEIR COLONEL-IN-CHIEF), ACCCOMPANIED BY THE PRINCE OF WALES, TAKING THE SALUTE DURING THE MARCH-PAST IN THE GROUNDS AT THE BACK OF BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

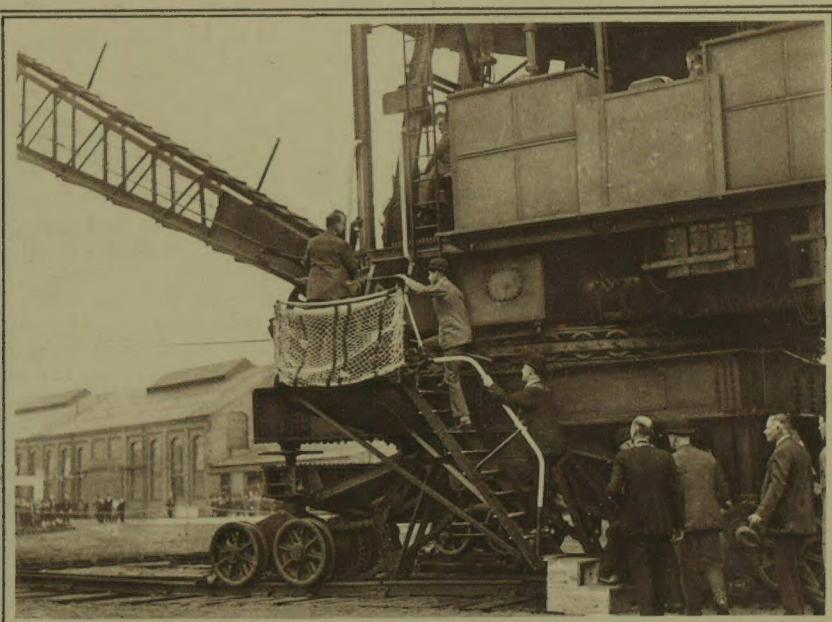


THE QUEEN TEACHES HER GRANDSON TO SALUTE THE COLOURS: (L. TO R.) HER MAJESTY, MASTER LASCELLES, PRINCESS MARY, VISCOUNTESS LASCELLES, PRINCESS BEATRICE, PRINCESS ROYAL.



THE PRINCE OF WALES VISITS LINCOLN TO OPEN THE NEW USHER ART GALLERY: THE PRINCE (IN CAR) ARRIVING IN THE CATHEDRAL CLOSE BY THE PRIORY GATE.

The King presented new colours to the 1st Batt. Irish Guards, on May 28, in the garden of Buckingham Palace. He wore the full-dress uniform of Colonel-in-Chief of the Irish Guards, and the Prince of Wales that of Colonel of the Welsh Guards. With the Queen, watching the ceremony, were Princess Mary Viscountess Lascelles, and her little son. Her Majesty noticed that her grandson did not remove his hat as the colours passed, so she took it off for him, and the little boy soon learnt to do it himself at appropriate moments. Mr. and Mrs. Rudyard



THE PRINCE MOUNTING THE STEPS OF A GREAT 175-TON OIL ELECTRIC EXCAVATOR: AN INCIDENT OF HIS VISIT TO RUSTON AND HORNSBY'S LINCOLN ENGINEERING WORKS.

Kipling were among the privileged spectators of the presentation.—On May 25 the Prince of Wales visited Lincoln and opened the new Usher Art Gallery, the gift of the late Mr. J. W. Usher. The Prince also attended a short service in the Cathedral, saw the restoration work, and called on the Bishop. Later he inspected Messrs. Ruston and Hornsby's Lincoln Engineering Works, and was interested in a mechanical excavator that scoops four tons of earth at each operation. On May 24 he visited the works of Morris Motors, Ltd., at Cowley, Oxford.

THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



SPIDER-CRABS.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Infancy of Animals," "The Courtship of Animals," etc., etc.

A MOST interesting collection of marine animals has just been sent me from the Marine Biological Station at Plymouth; enough, indeed, to furnish me with themes for this page for a year—"and then some"! Most certainly some of them must find a place here, more especially as they concern creatures which can be found in almost any rock-pool during the summer holidays. But I want to do more than merely name them, or even just describe them so that they may be identified. I want, in short, to dwell upon their several peculiarities, either in their external appearance or their internal structure, for it is just in matters of this kind that their interest really begins.

Of crabs in this collection there are several species, and an attempt to describe them all at once would be to spoil a good story. I propose, then, now, to say something of that strange species known as the "Spiny Spider-crab," the great sea-spider, or the Devil's crab of the South and West of England (*Maia squinado*). This is the largest of our crabs after the edible crab. But it is a mere pygmy compared with its relative, the Giant-crab of Japan, which may measure as much as eleven feet in length from the end of the body to the tips of its enormously long, pincer-bearing claws. This is the largest crab known.

Although abroad "spider-crabs" are commonly eaten, in this country they are used as food only locally, and not in great numbers. Many years ago, we are told, Professor Bell, who in his day was a great authority on natural history, saw a number of these crabs exposed for sale in a street near the water-side in Poole. Said the Professor to the little girl in charge, "Pray do they eat these crabs here?" Gasping with surprise at his ignorance, she replied, "They ben't crabs, Sir; them's spiders"!

But the interest in our great spider-crab does not begin and end with its relative edibility. It is as a living animal that I want to describe it. As will be seen in the adjoining photograph (Fig. 3), it has a roughly heart-shaped body, but the upper part of the shell, and all the legs save the great claws, are concealed beneath a covering of sea-weed of various kinds, which looks as though it had got there accidentally. This, however, is far from being the case. It was, indeed, put there, with infinite labour, by the crab itself, and this for a double purpose. In the first place, it forms a most efficient piece of "camouflage," so completely disguising the true character of the wearer as to conceal it most effectively from crab-eating fishes. But more than this; it serves at the same time a particularly sinister end. It converts the crab, in short, into a "wolf in sheep's clothing," inasmuch as it allows it stealthily to approach little fishes and seize them unawares—it escapes the big fishes and eats the little ones, who see, not a hungry ogre, but a mere tuft of harmless sea-weed!

Maia squinado would be unable to execute this device but for the fact that its body is studded with spines having recurved tips and innumerable stiff,

psychologist. Does the crab effect this disguise intelligently? Does it realise both the need for concealment and the need for disguise for the purpose of stealing unawares on its prey? Does it realise what the psychologist calls the "out-there-ness" of its environment, and the "go-together-ness" of the means of disguise and its application? Does it, in short, "think" on its needs, and the best means of attaining them? But, further than this, does it, by exploring the surface of its body, discover that by reason of its spiny character it is admirably adapted for the execution of its plan of campaign; or was the plan formed by the discovery that bits of weed readily stick on its shell by reason of its spiny character, and did it then proceed to complete what accident had begun? Again, how, without the help of a mirror, does it realise the effect of its laborious task of "dressing-up"?

There are other and smaller species of spider-crabs which have similar spiny, or hairy, shells, and which also use the spines in like manner. One of these is shown here (Fig. 2). As it came to me, the shell was covered with fine mud which had been caught up by the spines. This, at any rate, could not have been deposited by the pincers; but the crab might, nevertheless, have deliberately taken steps to secure this mud-mask.

Some of the hermit-crabs just as deliberately detach and place on the shell which is their chosen habitation a live sea-anemone. And, when they are perforce obliged to change into a larger shell, they take care to remove and replant the sea-anemone! Since the anemone carries a most formidable armature of stinging-cells, it forms, if possible, an even more efficient protection against enemies than a coat of many colours fashioned of sea-weed, and as an aid to hunting it is ideal, since the anemone, by the discharge of its stinging-darts, can paralyse small animals, which are then torn in pieces by the crab, thus furnishing the anemone with crumbs from its master's table! The crab tribe, I venture to think, would furnish experimental psychologists with better material for investigation than white mice, which they are so fond of using; creatures which, by domestication, have lost the little intelligence they ever had by virtue of their descent from wild mice.

Finally, let me draw attention to the remarkable difference between the adult spider-crab and its larval stages. That shown here (Fig. 1) is but one of several stages, each different from the other. The precise significance of these several successive forms, which have to be passed through before acquiring the adult form, is at present beyond our ken. On another occasion I should like to devote a whole page to the consideration of these larval stages in different types of crabs. Some of them are simply amazing in their vagaries. We can explain, or interpret, some of their outstanding features, but for the most part, they leave us at a loose end.

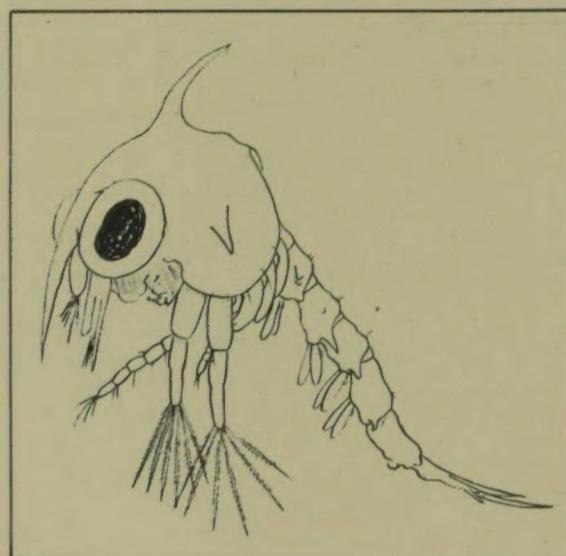


FIG. 1.—ONE OF MANY WEIRD SHAPES OF THE SPIDER-CRAB IN SUCCESSIVE LARVAL PHASES BEFORE IT REACHES MATURITY: THE "SECOND ZOEA" STAGE. The Great Spider-Crab (*Maia squinado*) in the course of its development from the egg to the adult, passes through many strange forms. One of these, known as the "second zoea" stage, is shown here.

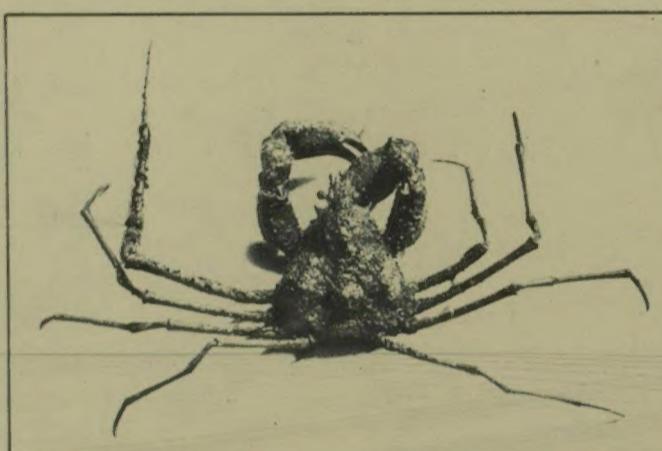


FIG. 2.—A SMALLER SPECIES OF SPIDER-CRAB (*INACHUS*) WHICH HAS CAMOUFLAGED ITSELF WITH MUD: A FACT INDICATING THAT THE SUBSTANCE USED TO COVER THE BODY DEPENDS ON THE CHARACTER OF THE BACKGROUND.

A smaller species of Spider-Crab, the shell of which bears three large up-standing spines, not seen here because seen "end-on." This shell was covered with fine mud, but sea-weed is also used. The material used depends on the nature of the bottom on which they live.

bristle-like hairs, also with recurved tips. Seizing small pieces of weed with its pincers, it breaks them off and twists them till they catch on the hooks and cover the whole body, including all the legs save the big claws. When at the seaside, catch one of these crabs, remove its weedy covering and throw it into a deep dish of sea-water; then throw the crab in after it. Presently it will apparently realise its nakedness and at once proceed to fasten all the bits of weed on to its shell again. If, instead of the weed, you throw in enough small shingle to cover the bottom of the dish, it will proceed to fasten the stones on its shell, and it will not cease its labours till it is practically indistinguishable from its background.

For the other photograph (Fig. 4) showing a portion of the shell enlarged, I removed the weed, exposing a portion of the shell near the eye, and you will see, if you look carefully, some of these spines and hairs. Even the eye, you will notice, is furnished with a tuft of hairs. Now, here is a problem for the

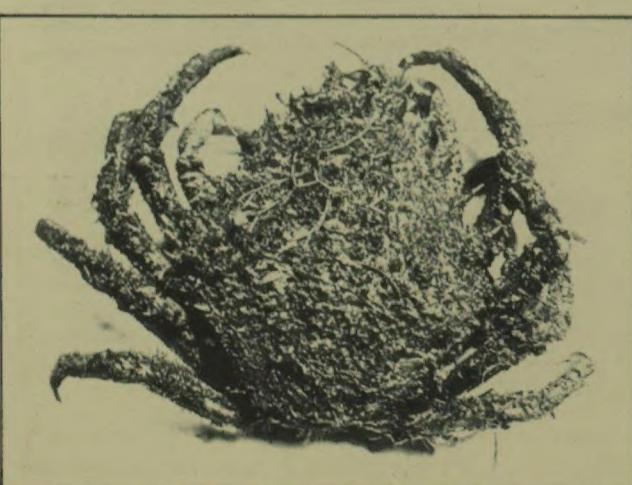


FIG. 3.—SELF-CAMOUFLAGED, FOR DEFENCE AND OFFENCE, WITH MULTI-COLOURED SEA-WEED FIXED ON ITS SPINY BODY WITH ITS "PINCHERS": THE SPIDER-CRAB OR SEA-SPIDER (*MAIA SQUINADO*).

The body of the full-grown *Maia squinado* is about eight inches long and six broad. It is of a reddish-brown hue, but this is concealed by its "coat of many colours," formed of living sea-weed.



FIG. 4.—A SECTION NEAR THE RIGHT EYE (A) WITH SEA-WEED REMOVED, EXPOSING SPINES AND BRISTLES: PART OF THE SAME SPIDER-CRAB (AS IN FIG. 3).

This sea-weed is forced between the recurved spines and bristles which cover the shell and legs, exposed in this photograph by the removal of the weed in the region of the right eye (A), which also bears a tuft of bristles.

THE DUKE AND DUCHESS AT MELBOURNE: ANZAC DAY; A "RAG."



MELBOURNE UNDERGRADUATES COMMENT ON THE DISCUSSION AS TO THE ROYAL ITINERARY: A FROLICsome GROUP ATTIRED AS FARMERS AND STOCK-RIDERS DURING THE 'VARSITY "RAG."



THE DUKE AND DUCHESS AT THE BEDSIDE OF TWO DISABLED "ANZACS": AN INCIDENT OF THEIR VISIT TO FLEMINGTON RACE-COURSE.



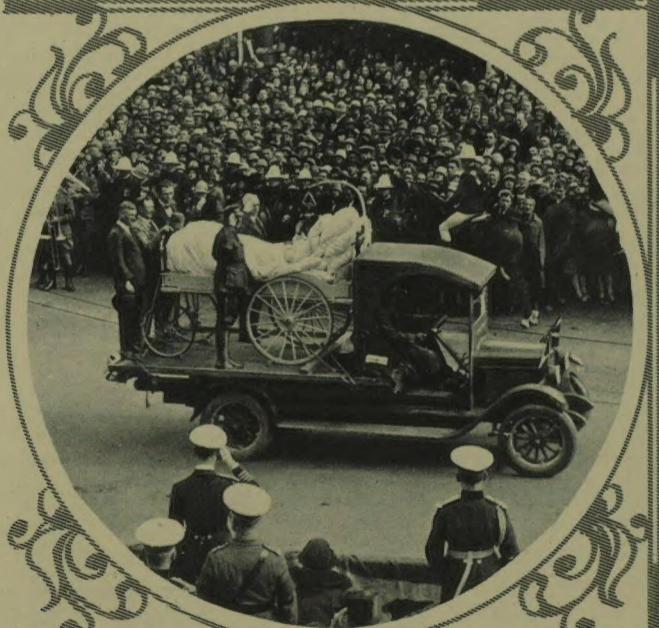
"CHARM AND GRACE" THAT WON ALL HEARTS: THE DUCHESS ENTERING THE STATE CARRIAGE AFTER LANDING AT ST. KILDA.



MASQUERADE AS THE DUKE AND DUCHESS: TWO MELBOURNE UNIVERSITY UNDERGRADUATES IN A MILK-CART AT THE 'VARSITY "RAG."



IN SURROUNDINGS LIKE WHITEHALL: THE DUKE LAYING A WREATH ON THE REPLICA CENOTAPH IN MELBOURNE, HUNG WITH AUSTRALIAN FLAGS.



A PATHETIC ELEMENT IN THE GREAT ANZAC DAY PARADE: INVALID SOLDIERS PASSING THE DUKE (CENTRE FOREGROUND, WITH BACK TO CAMERA, SALUTING).



THE DUKE AND DUCHESS ARRIVING AT FLEMINGTON RACE-COURSE ON ST. GEORGE'S DAY (APRIL 23), WELCOMED BY LORD SOMERS (GOVERNOR OF VICTORIA) AND THE RECEPTION COMMITTEE: AN OCCASION WHEN THE DUKE PRESENTED THE KING'S GOLD CUP TO THE OWNER OF THE WINNING HORSE.

The Duke and Duchess of York arrived at Melbourne on April 21. After the Governor-General (Lord Stonehaven) and the Governor of Victoria (Lord Somers) had come aboard the "Renown" to welcome them, they landed at St. Kilda, whence they drove in a State carriage to Government House. They were deeply distressed by the accident to two of the aeroplane escort, in which four members of the Royal Australian Air Force were killed, and the next morning the Duchess, being advised to rest, did not accompany the Duke when he inspected invalid soldiers' hospitals. She was present, however, at all the subsequent occasions, and the welcome everywhere accorded them was most enthusiastic. On the 23rd they attended a race meeting on the Flemington Race-course, where the Duke

presented the trophy to Mr. W. Leyshon, whose horse won the Gold Cup. On the 25th (Anzac Day) they witnessed a magnificent parade of 25,000 returned soldiers and sailors led by Lieut.-Gen. Sir John Monash, who commanded the Australian forces in France. They marched past the Cenotaph (a replica of that in Whitehall), on which the Duke laid a wreath. At the head of the procession were cars containing 700 blind, disabled, and invalid soldiers. On the 26th there was a display by 12,000 children on the cricket ground. On the 27th the Duke received the degree of Doctor of Laws at Melbourne University and enjoyed a "Varsity" "rag" by undergraduates who took him round the grounds in a landau, accompanied by a merry crowd in fancy dress, and held an "initiation" ceremony.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

WHAT exactly is interest, and how is it to be acquired? I do not mean the sort of interest that is quoted on the Stock Exchange, but that other kind of interest which resides in the human brain and is often not at home to callers. Interest might be defined, perhaps, as a blend of sympathy and curiosity. It is evoked in different minds by very different objects, and in very varying degrees; but it may be stimulated by suggestion—at least, that seems to be the theory of publishers' advertisements. Some readers are born interested; some achieve interest; and some—if not all—have interest thrust upon them.

The late Lord Bryce belonged to the first of these categories. He was interested in everything, from Irish politics to the twist of an antelope's horn. He was a man of boundless sympathy, insatiable curiosity, and inexhaustible energy; always adding to his stores of knowledge—reading, or observing, or gathering information in talk. At the same time, he was no pedant, but a very companionable person, who never oppressed other people with his "weight of learning." Queen Victoria, whom he accompanied, as Minister in attendance, on a visit to Florence in 1893, summed him up in the remark: "I like Mr. Bryce. He knows so much and is so modest." He was a mighty walker, and climbed innumerable mountains, including Ararat. He travelled all over the world, in the spirit of Herodotus, and he could say with Ulysses—

For always roaming with a hungry heart
Much have I seen and known; cities of men
And manners, climates, councils, governments,
Myself not least, but honour'd of them all.

Such is the impression of the famous Ambassador to the United States, the author of "The American Commonwealth" and "The Holy Roman Empire," which I gain from "JAMES BRYCE" (Viscount Bryce of Dechmont, O.M.). By H. A. L. Fisher, Warden of New College, Oxford. Illustrated (Macmillan; 2 vols.; 32s.). Lord Bryce's geniality and infinite zest for life communicate themselves to the reader, and it will be a dull mind indeed that fails to be interested in the story of his career, chronicled with the scholarly grace that was to be expected from an author of such educational distinction.

The Warden of New College begins with a reassuring confession of faith as to the duties of a biographer. "It has been my object," he writes, "to present a portrait of the man rather than a full catalogue of the events and transactions with which he was concerned. . . . The central interest . . . in a biography must always be the personality." So far as to general aims. "The main stress is laid," he continues, "upon his connection with the United States, for whose people he conceived a warm affection, and in whose co-operation with Britain in forwarding the great tasks of humanity he reposed his brightest hopes for the future." Acting on these principles, Mr. Fisher has produced one of the best and most inspiring biographies ever written about a modern statesman.

It is twenty-four years since Lord Bryce published his "Studies in Contemporary Biography," of which his own biographer says: "In this delightful gallery of portraits there figure one Jew, two Roman Catholics, three Anglican Divines, two lawyers, two philosophers, a novelist, an American publicist, a schoolmaster, three historians, an Orientalist, and five statesmen. There is no woman and, since Americans are not regarded in Britain as foreigners, there is no foreigner." It would be interesting to compare Lord Bryce's portrait-gallery, for style and biographical method, with an analogous work in the modern manner—"A GALLERY." By Philip Guedalla (Hodder and Stoughton; 10s. 6d.). Here, if the array of professions is less variegated (the subjects are chiefly novelists and statesmen), we have at least two women (the Empress Eugénie and Lady Palmerston) and two foreigners (Anatole France and Marcel Proust).

This last-named writer affords Mr. Guedalla a target for some of his most typical irony. "Believed at first by large numbers of people to be a misprint for M. Marcel Prévost, he approached the critical consciousness of these islands with certain radical advantages. He had a singularly attractive personal mythology; and for the English,

who have always preferred their geniuses dead, it counted for something that he was dying." Mr. Guedalla's prose is a pure delight. Its unfailing sparkle has that "champagne flavour" which Fitzgerald found in Tennyson's verse. Nor is the author himself too modern to choose a Tennysonian couplet as motto for his title-page—

And with choice paintings of wise men I hung
The royal dais round.

A biography that would have interested Lord Bryce, not only through his Transatlantic sympathies, but also, I think, because of certain affinities of character and circumstance, is "BENJAMIN FRANKLIN." The First Civilised American. By Phillips Russell. Illustrated. (Benn; 25s.). What those affinities were may be gathered from the closing paragraph of Mr. Russell's book. "Franklin . . . needed no descendants to keep his name alive. He engraved it so deeply into the history of his time as to be ineffaceable. And this he did, not by industry, frugality, or the other virtues which he so sedulously preached, but by drawing men to him through his gift of being intensely alive, incessantly observant, immensely charitable, and unalterably radiant in the infectious cheer of his disposition."

My first thought on opening the book was to discover the author's explanation of his sub-title, and I found it in a "prefatory catechism" in the form of question and answer such as—"What was Franklin's most marked characteristic? A gusto for living"; and "What was his avowed aim? To 'do good' and live a satisfying life." The answer to the question why he is termed "the first civilised American" is: "Because at an American period eminent for narrowness, superstition,

OF FRANCO-BRITISH DIPLOMATIC RELATIONS, 1814-1920." By Beckles Wilson. Illustrated (Fisher Unwin—Ernest Benn; 25s.). Few people realise, I think, that the British Embassy in Paris is housed in a mansion of romantic interest, associated with its former owner, that gay sister of Napoleon, Princess Pauline Borghese, from whom it was bought when the Duke of Wellington became Ambassador just before Waterloo. Mr. Wilson recalls how she resembled "the former Miss Patterson, the beautiful American wife of Jerome Bonaparte, afterwards King of Westphalia, whose marriage had been annulled by the Emperor," and how, after Waterloo, "Madame Patterson Bonaparte" came to Paris, danced with the Duke of Wellington at the Hotel Borghese (the Embassy) and was mistaken for Pauline.

Elizabeth Patterson's disillusionment is recounted at full length, among many other kindred stories, in "SOME LEFT-HANDED MARRIAGES," By Edmund B. D'Auvergne. With sixteen Illustrations (Hutchinson; 18s.), a very interesting record of "Misalliances, Irregular and Secret Unions of Royalty." One subject is Madame de Maintenon, whose career links up with that of another clever Frenchwoman, less familiar to English readers, recorded in "THE PRINCESS DES URSINS." By Maud Cruttwell. Illustrated (Dent; 8s. 6d.). It was through Madame de Maintenon's influence with Louis XIV. that the Princess was appointed "Camarera Mayor, First Lady of the Palace," at Madrid when Louis proclaimed his young grandson as Philippe V. of Spain and married him to a girl of thirteen. Saint-Simon hinted that Madame de Maintenon's motive was a fear that the fascinating Princess might oust her from the Grand Monarch's favour, and that she preferred her to be in Madrid rather than in Paris. As virtual guardian of two royal "puppets," the Princess des Ursins, we read, "governed Spain during fourteen years with the most absolute power," and her "political acumen established the present dynasty on the throne." Philippe's second marriage, however, led to her downfall. Her life was full of dramatic incident, and this able book—rather excessively ferocious towards her enemies—is claimed to be the first complete biography of her in English.

Court life in Spain in the early eighteenth century differed somewhat from that in England under Queen Victoria. The contrast may be appreciated by perusal of "MARY PONSONBY." A Memoir, some Letters, and a Journal. Edited by her Daughter, Magdalene Ponsonby. Illustrated (Murray; 16s.). Both as Maid of Honour and later as wife of the

Queen's Private Secretary, Sir Henry Ponsonby, Lady Ponsonby had exceptional experience of the Victorian régime. This charming book tells also of her social and literary activities, her travels, and her friendships, and includes letters from the Empress Frederick, George Eliot, Professor Huxley, Mary Cholmondeley, and A. C. Benson.

In the foregoing books we see the personal side of politics and public affairs. The theoretical side is presented, from one point of view, in "A DEFENCE OF CONSERVATISM." A Further Text-Book for Tories. By Anthony M. Ludovici (Faber and Gwyer; 12s. 6d.), a stimulating and original study on partisan lines. This reminds me that the Warden of New College lectured the other day on Disraeli's novels, as "providing the Tory Party with a faith calculated to stand the wind and weather of the modern world."

"CAPITAL FOR LABOUR." By W. Francis Lloyd and Bertram Austin. With Forewords by W. L. Hichens, Chairman of Cammell, Laird and Co., and Arthur Pugh, ex-Chairman of the T.U.C. (Unwin—Benn; 3s. 6d.). A vigorous essay towards the solution of the industrial problem, advocating the principle "every worker a capitalist"—exemplified lately on the Southern Railway. Finally, on the practical side of public life, is a new volume in the Whitehall series—"THE BOARD OF EDUCATION." By Sir Lewis Amherst Selby-Bigge, Permanent Secretary to the Board, 1911-25 (Putnam; 7s. 6d.). I notice several allusions to Lord Bryce and his biographer (formerly President of the Board), but these are severely impersonal, and naturally so, as the book sets out to describe, not men, but a system.

C. E. B.



THE MASTERPIECE OF A FAMOUS AMERICAN MARINE PAINTER WHO DIED RECENTLY IN LONDON AND HAS BEEN COMMEMORATED BY A MEMORIAL EXHIBITION: "SOLITUDE," BY THE LATE WILLIAM DANA.

Mr. William Parsons Winchster Dana, who died recently in London, aged ninety-four, was born at Boston in 1833. After some years at sea "before the mast," he studied art in Paris, and it was on his advice that the late John Sargent's father allowed his son to take up painting as a career. Sargent said of Dana's work: "his standing was of the highest." A memorial exhibition of his pictures was arranged at Gieve's Gallery, Old Bond Street, from May 31 to June 4, and in this connection an illustrated memoir has been issued by his son, Mr. R. W. Dana (Secretary of the Institution of Naval Architects), with a preface by Lord Northbourne. It includes a reproduction of "Solitude," generally considered his masterpiece, which won the gold medal at the Paris Exposition of 1878, and now belongs to Count Palfy, of Vienna. William Dana's pictures include coast scenes at Dinard, Etretat, and Biarritz, which, when he painted them, were quiet villages, unaware of their fashionable destiny.

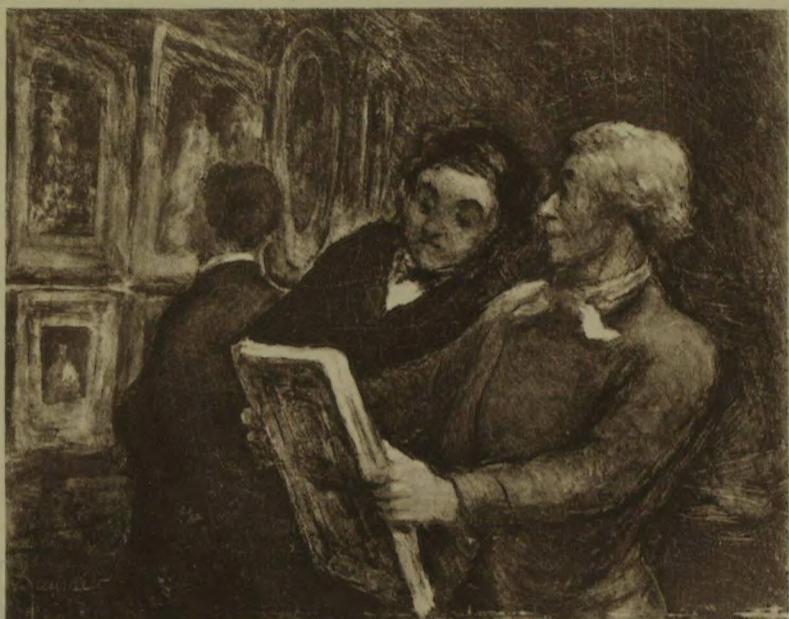
and bleak beliefs he was mirthful, generous, open-minded, learned, tolerant, and humor-loving. Because he was the first American man of the world in the sense that he was the first American world-man." Mr. Russell certainly avoided a difficulty by choosing this fancy designation, for Franklin's versatility makes him a person not easy to define in a few words. If we think of him as a statesman who signed the Declaration of Independence, we remember that he was also a pioneer of electricity who advised on the fitting of lightning rods to Buckingham Palace. If we call him a moral philosopher, it occurs to us that he had a turn for Rabelaisian humour, and hobnobbed with the members of the Hell-Fire Club.

Benjamin Franklin, in short, is one of those rather elusive historical characters whom too many English readers to-day are content to take on trust—if, indeed, they do not regard him as a "misprint" for his namesake, the navigator. Henceforth, however, with Mr. Russell's vivacious biography available, there is no excuse for not getting to know him better. The book ought to be widely read, for it gives us an insight into American history, after the "Boston Tea Party," of which, as Mr. Osbert Sitwell points out on another page of this number, our educators leave us either ignorant or misinformed.

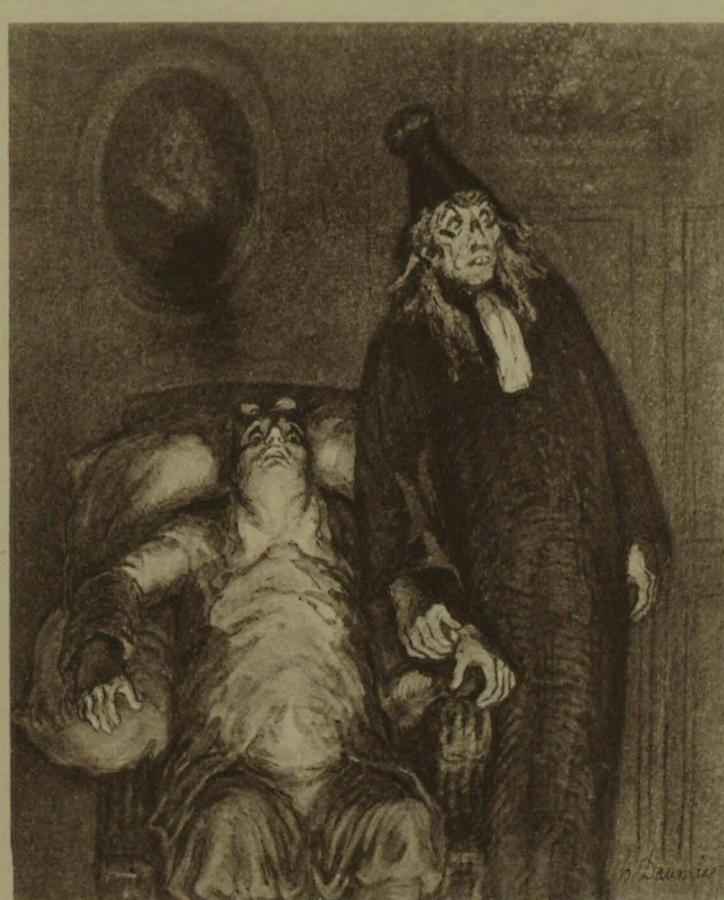
Those "reasons of space" which always afflict the mass-reviewer compel me to give rather a sketchy account of four other works that merit fuller treatment. This is an age when "that fierce light which beats upon a throne" is beginning to illumine also the dark places of diplomacy. Diplomats themselves write their reminiscences (I reviewed some recently), and now we have a whole century of diplomatic annals in "THE PARIS EMBASSY: A NARRATIVE



BOUGHT FOR 400,000 FRANCS: "LES MUSICIENS AMBULANTS,"
A PAINTING BY HONORÉ DAUMIER (1808-79).



BOUGHT FOR 640,000 FRANCS: "LES AMATEURS DE PEINTURE,"
A PAINTING BY HONORÉ DAUMIER.



A DRAWING BY DAUMIER THAT FETCHED 400,000 FRANCS
AT THE PARIS SALE: "LE MALADE IMAGINAIRE."

THE ENORMOUS VOGUE OF DAUMIER: PICTURES THAT FETCHED HIGH PRICES IN PARIS.

BY COURTESY OF THE GALERIE GEORGES PETIT, PARIS.



BOUGHT FOR THE LOUVRE FOR 701,000 FRANCS AT A RECENT SALE
IN PARIS: DAUMIER'S PAINTING "LA BLANCHISSEUSE."



THE DAUMIER PAINTING THAT FETCHED A "RECORD" PRICE FOR HIS WORK—
1,290,000 FRANCS (£10,300): "DON QUICHOTTE ET SANCHO."

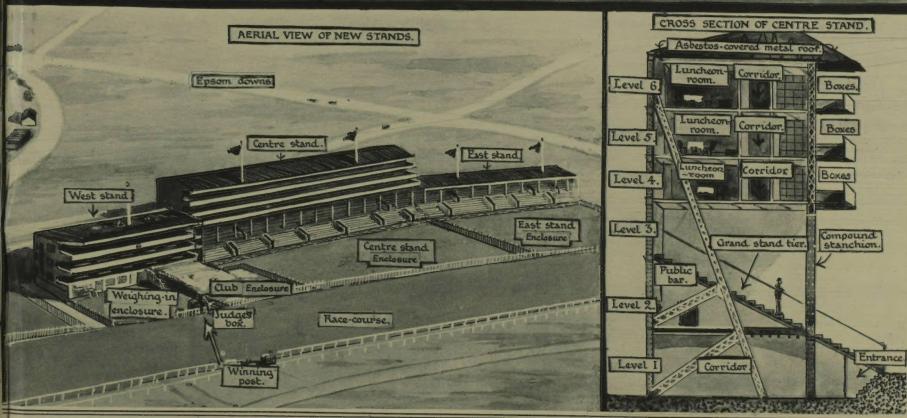
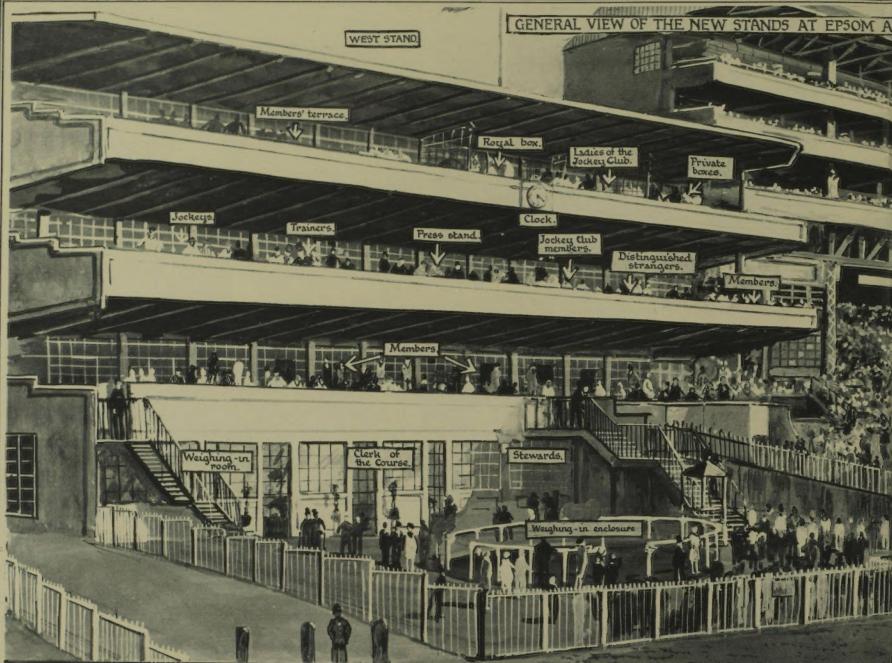
Evidence of the enormous value placed nowadays on the work of Daumier was afforded at the sale in Paris, on May 20, of the late M. Paul Bureau's collection of modern paintings, water-colours, and drawings. The sale took place at the Galerie Georges Petit, and the auctioneers were Me. F. Lair-Dubreuil and Me. Henri Baudouin. The total receipts were 8,672,000 francs, or about £69,300. The highest price of the day, said to be a "record" for a Daumier, was 1,290,000 francs (£10,300), paid by Mr. Knoedler, of New York, for the painting "Don Quichotte et Sancho." Other high prices for Daumier paintings were 380,000 francs for "Le Pardon," 300,000 francs for "La Salle d'Attente," and 285,000 francs for "Les Emigrants." Among the drawings the highest price was 400,000 francs for "Le Malade Imaginaire," while 265,000 francs was given for "Pendant l'Entr'acte," 260,000 francs for "Annonce de Saltimbanques," 205,000 francs for "Conversations d'Avocats," and 169,000 francs for "Deux Avocats Discutant." Honoré Daumier was born at Marseilles in 1808, and became famous as a painter and caricaturist, who portrayed inimitably types of Parisian character. His best-known work was the "Robert Macaire" series in "Charivari." He became blind in 1877, and died in 1879 at Valmondois, in a house given him by Corot.

EPSOM'S NEW GRAND STAND: THE LARGEST IN EUROPE,

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL

PRACTICALLY FINISHED IN TIME FOR THE DERBY.

ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS.



AS IT APPEARS, EXTERNALLY COMPLETED, WITH ACCOMMODATION FOR 20,000 SPECTATORS: A GENERAL VIEW AND SECTIONAL DIAGRAM SHOWING DETAILS OF STRUCTURE.

The new Grand Stand at Epsom, finished externally, and internally save for minor details, in time for the Derby on June 1, is the largest on any race-course in Europe. It holds 20,000 people, apart from those in the enclosures, whereas the old stand held only 6000. Part of the new stand was used for the first time on April 19, the opening day of the Epsom Spring Meeting, when the Great Metropolitan was run. On that occasion there was room in the completed portion for about 12,000 spectators, and the new building was described as really excellent, affording an unobstructed view of runners from any part of it during the whole of a race. The Royal Apartments, which are reached by a lift from the ground, include the Royal Box (opposite the winning-post), a spacious balcony,

THE MAGNIFICENT NEW GRAND STAND AT EPSOM, USED FOR THIS YEAR'S DERBY—WITH THE POSITION OF THE ROYAL BOX AND OTHER APARTMENTS.

drawing-room, dining-room, kitchen, and retiring-rooms for the King and Queen and their suite. The decorations are in cornflower-blue. Every section of each of the three stands—west, centre, and east—has a separate bar and luncheon room. The chief architects of the new building were Mr. C. E. Elcock, of Messrs. Elcock and Sutcliffe, Northumberland Avenue, and Mr. Charles Reeve, of Margate. The builders were Messrs. Howard. The total length of the three stands is 690 ft., and materials used included 2500 tons of steel and over a million rivets. For months work on the structure went on night and day. Lord Lonsdale gave a dinner in the old stand to three hundred workmen, and entertained them with reminiscences of bygone Derby Days. [Drawing Copyrighted in U.S.A. and Canada.]

At the Sign of St. Paul's

By JOHN OWEN.

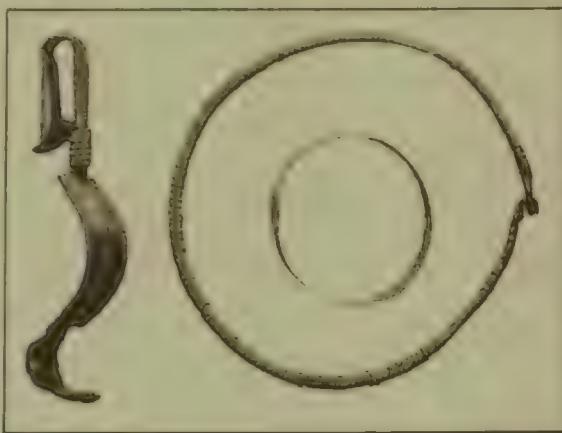
May in June. "Why is St. Mary's Hill called a hill when it is flat?" asks the learned "Guide to Cambridge," and answers, "For the same reason that May week is a fortnight in June." This is a thing that a fellow who is no Fellow *can* understand. "May" is the name of the term, and at the end of the May term the over-burdened mind turns with relief to the river, and to the festivities attendant on the College boat-races. The river and the Backs and the races have inspired some charming writing, as the University itself has inspired great literature. Cambridge can claim our greatest epic poet, our greatest lyric poet, and the first of our Victorian bards.

To-day of many of our best writers—perhaps a majority of them—it can be said that they had their spiritual home neither in Oxford nor Cambridge. From this fact persons with a facile habit of generalisation like to draw deductions: yet there are really no deductions to be drawn. The genius of Mr. Kipling or of Mr. Bennett, enclosed by a University, would merely have worked from other backgrounds than those they actually knew. The "Five Towns" might have given place to the single town of a University; "Soldiers Three" to eight, eleven, or fifteen Blues. The greatness of the performance would have been approximately the same.

A writer who delighted in the scene presented by "the Mays" was Charles Kingsley, as readers of "Alton Locke" do not need to be reminded. "There I stood fascinated, gazing across the river, heedless of the racing boats, and the crowd, and the roar that was rushing to me at the rate of ten miles an hour, and in a moment more had caught me, and swept me away with it, whether I would or not, along the towing path, by the side of the foremost boats."

The occasion is one for exuberant hope in the heart of youth; of sentimental regret in that of

British Court, and on the 1st of August, 1708, his Excellency was debtor to Mr. Morton, a lace man in Covent Garden—to the amount of £50—who arrested him that day." He had to find bail or go to prison. Mr. Malcolm cannot make up his mind whether the charges were excessive, or whether the



PREHISTORIC ALBANIAN JEWELLERY: A BRONZE FIBULA (BROOCH) AND TORQUES, RECALLING THOSE OF ANCIENT GREECE.

Photographs by the Italian Archaeological Commission in Albania, Supplied by Professor Halbherr.

Ambassador was "mean and prevaricating or the tradesman insolent and rapacious"; whatever the truth, the frightful affront was made to the representative of a foreign Power, in days when the law of debtor and creditor recognised no immunity for the highest-placed foreigner. Malcolm cannot find that any blame in law attached to the Sheriff who gave a warrant for the arrest. "So far," observes the judicial Malcolm, "the defect lay with the Legislature, which ought to have put it out of the power of an intemperate individual to involve his country in hostilities with half the Continent, and to bring the Queen and Government to the disgraceful necessity of apologising for his violence of temper."

The fat was now most certainly in the very centre of the very hottest part of the fire! Matueof's brother-Ambassadors and Ministers joined with him in protest, describing the insult as one offered to all the Crowns of

Europe. And in those days the Crowns of Europe, like the wedding presents of more modern times, being numerous and costly, the Government recognised that there was nothing between "Concession or War." Wisely the first was chosen. Our representative in Leningrad (*née* St. Petersburg) was ordered to "make solemn excuses" in the name of the Queen "for the insult offered." "This singular ceremony" took place on Feb. 8, 1710. A procession of carriages led by M. Basilis de Soltikof, "chief carver to the Tsar Peter," proceeded to the house of the English Ambassador, Whitworth, and escorted him to the Palace, where, having done obeisance to the Tsar, Mr. Whitworth pronounced his apology, the words being translated so that several Ambassadors present



BUILT IN HUGE BLOCKS (8-9 FT. LONG BY 6-7 FT. HIGH) LIKE THE EARLIEST GREEK ARCHITECTURE: "CYCLOPEAN" WALLS OF THE ACROPOLIS AT PHŒNIKE, IN ALBANIA.

the old. Probably the old get much more pleasure from its regrets than youth from its hope. All her poets turn to Cambridge, that scene of which one of them sings—

O fairest of all fair places,
Sweetest of all sweet towns!
With the birds, and the greyness and greenness,
And the men in caps and gowns.

History Re Apropos of the Prime Minister's speech on the Arcos Raid, I wonder whether Mr. Baldwin knows that in the reign of Queen Anne relations between the English Government and the representative in England of the Court of Russia on one occasion reached a pitch that goes far beyond the present adventure. We actually arrested the Russian Ambassador for debt!

In that curious work, Malcolm's "Anecdotes Illustrative of the Manners and Customs of Europe," he tells the story of an event which, as he says, "was too important to pass unnoticed in our annals," but "a necessary attention to brevity has occasioned it to be more slightly mentioned in the histories of England than it will appear in these pages."



Bolingbroke
praying at
the tomb of
his father,
John of Gaunt.
St. Paul's 1399.

that abject submission. He then presented a long letter of apology from the Queen, to which the Tsar made an equally discursive reply in which he accepted the English amends. It may be thought that this matter was now as dead as Queen Anne herself, that Sovereign the most distinguished event in whose life was her death, but it had a sequel of which we have heard much in the last fortnight. This sequel was an Act of Parliament "for preserving the privileges of Ambassadors and other Public Ministers of Foreign Princes and States." On the present occasion it does not seem that the apology will proceed from this side!

The Secret of the Nile.

At a time when our minds are so much occupied with the past of Egypt, and when our wise men are employing themselves with such remarkable industry and with such apparent success in reconstructing so many vanished civilisations, it is well to remember a modern discoverer who, while not primarily an archaeologist, found the solution to the supreme problem of antiquity. I am surprised to have seen no allusion to the centenary of John Hanning Speke, who, born in 1827—thirty-one years later, in the company of that celebrated and formidable genius, Richard Burton—made a journey through East Africa, and came at last to the head of what to-day we know as Lake Nyanza. In the mind of every true explorer there is a nobly insatiable curiosity; one discovery merely provides the incentive to make another. But in the mind of Speke there rose at sight of this lake an idea that must have filled him with no common excitement. "It looked for all the world like the source of some great river." He had no doubt at all of the river's name. He saw before him, indeed, the chance to penetrate the famous mystery of the African continent—to discover in this lake the source of the Nile. If Bruce had claimed to find that source, his claim had been repudiated by geographers on the ground that by "the Nile" was meant not his Nile, the Blue Nile, but the White Nile. Convinced that he was near to the truth, Speke, with Captain Grant, started at Zanzibar and sought the southern end of the lake. Then the explorers followed the Nile till that obstinately secret stream had at last to yield and lead them back to the waters of the lake, and thus to surrender the secret that for so many centuries, and with such invariable success, it had preserved from the inquisition of man.



THE FIRST IMPORTANT EXCAVATIONS IN ALBANIA: THE FINEST GREEK BUILDING DISCOVERED AT PHŒNIKE—PROBABLY A TEMPLE THESAUROS (TREASURY)—AND (IN LEFT BACKGROUND) SURVIVING COLUMNS OF A LATER BYZANTINE CHURCH.

"The first archaeological discoveries of any importance made in Albania," writes Professor Federico Halbherr, "are the excavations by Dr. Ugolini, Director of the Italian Archaeological Commission, on the Acropolis of Phoenike, a city built by Greeks about the fifth-fourth centuries B.C., in South Illyria, between the modern villages of Santi Quaranta and Delvino. They show that the Greek settlement was founded on the site of a prehistoric one, which lasted from the Neolithic to the Iron Age. Above the Greek city were remains of a Roman town and a small Byzantine church. In a larger Byzantine church, still preserved, in the neighbouring hamlet of Mesopotamis, one of the finest in South Albania, have been found many Greek and Roman fragments, inscriptions, marble reliefs, columns, and capitals, indi-

By the Painter of "Morning": A Dod Procter Oil.

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THE SHAN": A WORK RESULTING FROM THE ARTIST'S VISIT TO BURMA WITH HER HUSBAND
TO DECORATE THE PALACE OF A RICH CHINESE MERCHANT.

Our readers will recall that we published in our issue of May 14 last reproductions in monochrome of pictures of Burmese by Mrs. Dod Procter, the painter of that much-discussed Royal Academy exhibit, "Morning." We are now able to give this colour representation of a kindred subject—"The Shan; Upper Burma." As

stated in our previous issue, Mr. and Mrs. Procter visited Burma some years after the war, to decorate with paintings the palace of a Chinese merchant, Ching Tsong. Working under them were Chinese, Indians, and Burmese. In Burma the word Shan is applied not only to the Shan proper, but to the Lao race and the Siamese.

Shakespeare and Hood "Illustrated" at the Royal Academy.

FROM THE PICTURES BY FLORA C. TWORT. EXHIBITED IN THE ROYAL ACADEMY. COPYRIGHTS RESERVED.



"TEN TO NINE": CHILDREN "CREEPING LIKE SNAIL UNWILLINGLY TO SCHOOL."



"FIVE PAST TWELVE": CHILDREN "BOUNDING OUT OF SCHOOL . . . LIKE TROUTLETS IN A POOL."

Flora C. Twort exhibits these two delightful studies of child life in this year's Academy. "Ten to Nine" shows boys and girls crossing the village square on their way to school, and "Five-Past Twelve" pictures the youngsters running and dancing in high glee and good humour after their morning's work. The pictures might serve, indeed, as illustrations to two famous quotations—Shake-

speare's lines describing "the whining schoolboy, with his satchel, And shining morning face, creeping like snail, Unwillingly to school," and the lines from the first stanza of Hood's "Eugene Aram," which run, "And four and twenty happy boys Came bounding out of school; There were some that ran and some that leapt, Like troutlets in a pool."

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



THE WINNERS OF THE WHITNEY POLO CUP: THE 17TH/21ST LANCERS TEAM.

From left to right are seen Mr. R. B. Cooke, Col. Vivian Lockett, Mr. H. C. Walford, and Mr. H. W. Forster. Scopwick were defeated by 5 goals to 3½, the Lancers conceding 2½ goals start.



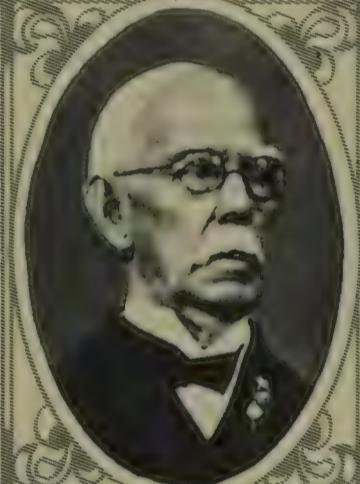
W. R. HAMMOND.

By scoring 192 for Gloucestershire on May 28, W. R. Hammond brought his number of runs to 1028, and thus equalled Dr. W. G. Grace's record of 1000 runs in May, in 1895.



THE AMATEUR GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP: DR. W. TWEDDELL, THE WINNER (R.), AND MR. D. E. LANDALE, THE RUNNER-UP.

In the Final of the Amateur Golf Championship, Dr. W. Tweddell (Stourbridge) beat Mr. D. E. Landale (Royal Liverpool) by 7 and 6.

DR. C. MACPHERSON.
(Born, May 10, 1870; Died, May 28.) Organist of St. Paul's Cathedral. Entered the Choir School at the age of nine. Appointed in 1916.THE REV. F. E. CLARK.
(Born, Sept. 12, 1851; Died, May 29.) Founder of the Christian Endeavour Movement, and President of the World's Christian Endeavour Union.REAR-AD. J. E. T. HARPER.
Compiler of the Harper Report on the Battle of Jutland, and the author of the recently-published book, "The Truth About Jutland."ARCHDEACON LOVETT.
Archdeacon and Vicar of Portsmouth. Appointed Bishop of the new Diocese of Portsmouth. An Honorary Canon of Winchester.SIGNOR LUIGI PIRANDELLO.
Italian dramatist. Reported to receive Nobel Prize for Literature. Author of "Naked," "Six Characters in Search of an Author," "Henry IV," etc.

THE COMING-OF-AGE CELEBRATIONS OF A PEERESS IN HER OWN RIGHT: THE COUNTESS OF SEAFIELD PRESENTED WITH A GIFT FROM THE GRANTOWN TOWN COUNCIL.



THE PAINTER OF "MORNING" IN HER HOME AT NEWLYN, CORNWALL: MRS. DOD PROCTER, ONE OF WHOSE PAINTINGS IS REPRODUCED IN COLOURS IN THIS ISSUE.

Dr. Charles Macpherson, who died suddenly on May 28, became sub-organist of St. Paul's in 1895, and organist in 1916, when he succeeded Sir George Martin. He was President of the Royal College of Organists, 1920-22. He was Hon. Conductor of the Choir at the opening ceremony and thanksgiving service at the British Empire Exhibition at Wembley.—The Rev. F. E. Clark was born at Aylmer, in the province of Quebec. He founded the Christian Endeavour Society in 1881.—Rear-Admiral John Ernest Troyte Harper, C.B., M.V.O., was born in May 1874, and entered the Navy in 1888. He served in the South African

War, 1899-1900, and with the Ogaden Somali Expedition, 1900-01. He was Commander (N.) of H.M. Yacht "Victoria and Albert," 1911-14, and was a Naval A.D.C. to the King, 1923-24.—The Venerable Ernest Neville Lovett, C.B.E., is fifty-eight. Winchester College nominated him to the vicarage of Portsmouth in 1925, and Bishop Woods appointed him Archdeacon of Portsmouth. He did much war work.—Nina Caroline Ogilvie-Grant, Countess of Seafield, was born on April 17, 1906, but her coming-of-age was celebrated last week. She succeeded her father in 1915.

INDIAN MASTERPIECES: "GEMS" FROM A REPRESENTATIVE EXHIBITION.



OF THE EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY KANGRA SCHOOL, MARKED BY ATTRACTIVE TYPES, DELICATE LINE, AND SENTIMENT: A DRAWING OF A LADY AT HER TOILET.



"THE NOBLEST EXAMPLE OF THE CLASSIC AGE": THE RETURN OF BUDDHA (WITH BEGGAR'S BOWL) TO WIFE AND SON—AN AJANTA CAVE FRESCO (C. 500 A.D.).

"THE exhibition of Indian paintings now being held at the British Museum," writes Mr. J. V. S. Wilkinson, Assistant Keeper of the Oriental Department, "is of unusual interest. Since the last exhibition was held, five years ago, the Museum collections have received valuable additions, and they now contain representative examples of almost every known school. It has accordingly been possible to illustrate the history and development of painting from the first century to the eighteenth, and later. The most impressive of the works shown is undoubtedly No. 15 (lower left, above), which is a fine copy by a young Indian artist, Mr. Mukul Chandra Dey, of the magnificent fresco of the Glorified Buddha from Ajanta—perhaps the noblest existing example of the art of the Gupta period, the classic age of all Indian culture. The subject is the return of Buddha to his wife and son at Kapilavastu after his Enlightenment; and the sublime majesty of the transfigured prince, with the adoring figures of the woman and child, make a composition of grandeur and appealing tenderness which has few equals in the art of any age. The colours are browns and creamy yellows, with a deep blue background. The two smaller figures have been illustrated in Mr. Griffiths's book on Ajanta and in the India Society's publication; but for some strange reason the Buddha has in each case been omitted, and the meaning of the composition obscured. The fresco is believed to date from about 500 A.D., and, with the other examples from Bagh and Ajanta, well illustrates the solidity, easy mastery of line, and intense feeling, combined with a naive delight in life and movement, which characterise this early, yet curiously modern, art. (What, one wonders, would Ruskin have thought of it? Ruskin, who charged Indian art with inability to represent a natural fact!) The art of Ajanta, Bagh, and Sigiriya is almost all that remains of a great tradition. Of contemporary painting, and that of the next thousand years, only a few rare relics are now in existence. Sculpture alone had any chance of surviving the destruction caused by 'eternal war and an infernal climate.' Painting, moreover, was probably less universally practised than of old, and it was not till the sixteenth century, that, mainly under court patronage, it saw a real revival—but in a new form. In place of great frescoes, we now have the work of the miniaturist; in place of Mahayana Buddhism as a source of inspiration of religious art, we have mediæval Vaishnavism; the graphic episodes of the Ramayana story, and the legends connected with the pastoral life and prowess of Krishna, being the favourite themes of Rajput painting. Yet, though superficially so different from the classic Buddhist wall-paintings, Rajput art represents, fundamentally, a continuation of the old tradition. It has something in its bold lines of the quality of mural fresco; and the two styles, so far apart in time, are alike in their basically religious character and their essentially popular appeal. The work of the 'primitive' painters of Jaipur and elsewhere, though it is not always at first attractive to European taste, is distinguished by glowing colour, economy of drawing, and extreme vitality. The most distinctive offshoot of the Rajput group proper is represented by a number of examples from the Punjab Himalaya and Dogra Hill States, especially Jammu and Kangra. The subjects are, apart from domestic scenes, usually episodes from religious legends, especially those relating to Krishna, and the peculiar Rag and Ragini themes. The Rags, and their female counterparts, are properly musical forms, and they are represented in painting by subjects depicting the emotions intended to be aroused by the different types

[Continued below.]

Continued.

of music. Of the lyrical sentiment of these hill paintings Mr. Laurence Binyon remarks: 'The Hill-country painters use the line as a singer uses his voice; they are interested not in facts, but emotions.' The graceful types portrayed, and the characteristic lines of the drapery, though perhaps a little overworked, have a quality of feminine tenderness which is particularly charming. Formerly far better known than those of the Rajput schools, the contemporary Mogul paintings are magnificently represented in the exhibition. The style, derived originally from Persia, developed, under the Emperor Akbar and his son Jahangir, a distinctive character of its own, though it owes much to contact with Rajput art, and something, e.g., in its chiaroscuro, to the European models which the Emperors collected and caused to be copied. Several Persian paintings in the exhibition enable us to trace, by comparison, the growth from the formalism of Timurid

tradition to a greater naturalism and freedom, qualities which made the new style so ideal a medium for the exact and delicate portraiture in which it excels. Mogul colouring is often rich and brilliant, and gold is lavishly used. Flower and animal paintings are of great merit. The art is one 'of portraiture and chronicle,' personal, conscious, and aristocratic, and is easily distinguishable, in technique and themes, from Rajput art. The two styles did, indeed, meet and combine, and it is often impossible, especially in eighteenth-century work, to classify a painting definitely as Hindu or Mogul. In the eighteenth century, Mogul painting was dying, while that of Rajputana, in the forms it assumed in the North, was being rejuvenated, showing little decline in quality before the middle of the nineteenth century. It was the terrible Dharamsala earthquake of 1905, which destroyed the town of Kangra, that administered the *coup de grâce*."



THE EMPEROR SHAH JAHAN VISITING A MULLAH AND HUMBLY LISTENING TO HIM WHILE RURAL LIFE GOES ON AROUND: A BEAUTIFUL EXAMPLE OF MOGUL ART.



JAHANGIR, CLOTHED IN PURPLE, DRINKING AMONG HIS ATTENDANTS UNDER A CANOPY: A RICHLY COLOURED PICTURE OF THE UNORTHODOX EMPEROR, BY MANOHAR.

THE NAVY'S GUESTS FROM FRANCE: SPITHEAD HISTORY OF 1672 REPEATED.



THE FRENCH FLOTILLA LEADER "CHACAL," A NEW DESTROYER OF 2360 TONS: ONE OF THE SQUADRON OF EIGHT FRENCH WAR-SHIPS THAT RECENTLY ARRIVED ON A VISIT TO PORTSMOUTH.



PART OF REAR-ADmirAL PIROT'S VISITING SQUADRON MOVING UP CHANNEL TOWARDS SPITHEAD: FOUR OF THE LATEST FRENCH WAR-SHIPS, WITH WIDE ROUNDED STRENS AND DISTINCTIVE FUNNELS.

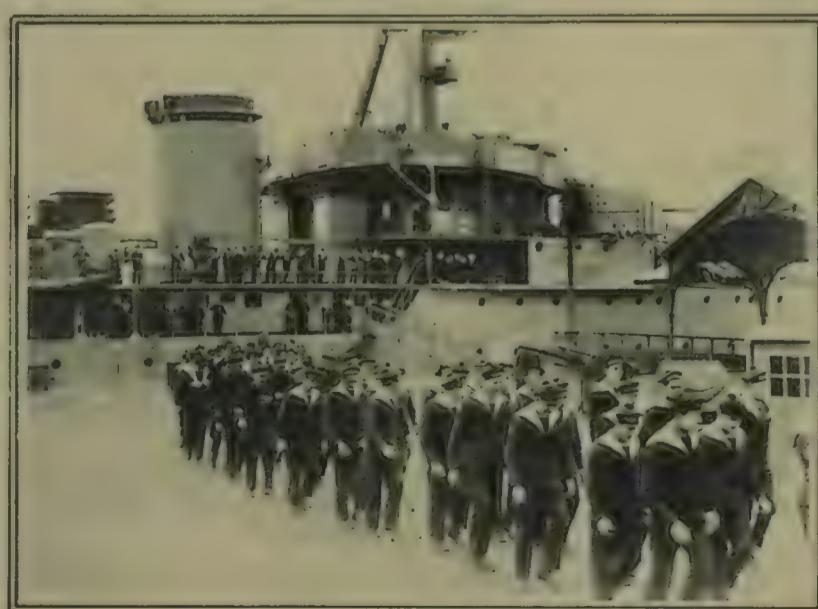


TYPES OF THE NEW FRENCH NAVY, INCLUDING ONE OF THE SQUADRON THAT CAME ON A VISIT TO PORTSMOUTH—THE 8000-TON CRUISER "DUGUAY-TROUIN" (EXTREME LEFT)—WITH 1460-TON TORPEDO-BOATS OF THE "SIMOUN" CLASS (ON RIGHT) FOLLOWED BY SOME 2450-TON DESTROYERS OF THE "JAGUAR" CLASS: A DRAWING BY ALBERT SEBILLE.



REAR-ADmirAL PIROT'S FLAG-SHIP FOR THE VISIT TO PORTSMOUTH: THE NEW 8000-TON FRENCH CRUISER, "LAMOTTE-PICQUET," AT SPITHEAD—AND VISITORS IN A LAUNCH.

For the first time since the war, a squadron of French war-ships arrived at Portsmouth, on May 30, for an official visit of five days. Their arrival was hailed with great enthusiasm, and the French officers and men, numbering in all about 2220, were entertained by a round of festivities organised in their honour, both by the Naval and Municipal authorities. Throughout the visit the French ships were open to the public in the afternoon. The squadron, which was under the command of Rear-Admiral Pirot, consisted of two cruisers, "Lamotte-Picquet" (flag-ship) and "Duguay-Trouin," three flotilla leaders—"Jaguar," "Tigre," and



FRENCH BLUEJACKETS LANDING AT PORTSMOUTH: PART OF THE CREW LEAVING THE "LAMOTTE-PICQUET," LYING OFF THE SOUTH RAILWAY JETTY.

"Chacal"; and three destroyers—"Ouragan," "Orage," and "Bourrasque." All are vessels of the latest type in their several classes, and were only passed into service last year. The visit has interesting historical precedents—one occasion as far back as 1672, when a French squadron paid a friendly visit to Spithead, and Pepys records that one vessel, the "Superbe," was taken as a model for twenty new British ships. The entertainments on the present occasion included a visit to the Derby by the Admiral and some fifty officers, and motor-coach trips for the Bluejackets, including one to London with visits to the "Zoo" and the Royal Tournament.

THE CAMERA AS RECORDER: NEWS BY PHOTOGRAPHY.



THE R.A.F. TEST FLIGHT FROM CAIRO TO THE CAPE AND BACK OVER AN 11,000-MILES ROUTE: THE FOUR MACHINES ON THEIR ARRIVAL AT THE HELIOPOLIS AERODROME.



A PRECARIOUS UNPACKING: REMOVING A TWENTY-THREE-FOOT SNAKE FROM ITS TRAVELLING-BOX ON ITS ARRIVAL AT THE NEW YORK "ZOO" FOR EXHIBITION.



AN OFFICER OF THE KUOMINTANG WOMEN'S TRAINING CORPS AT HANKOW: A POLITICAL AGITATOR.



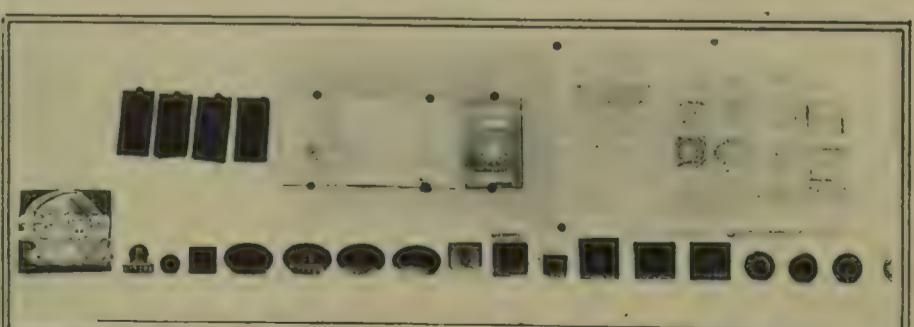
CHINESE WOMEN TRAINED AS POLITICAL AGITATORS AND TO PERFORM FIRST AID AND OTHER MILITARY DUTIES NEAR THE FIGHTING-LINE: A PARADE OF THE KUOMINTANG WOMEN'S TRAINING CORPS AT HANKOW.



THE FORMER GERMAN CROWN PRINCE, THE PRINCESS, AND PRINCES FREDERICK AND HUBERT: A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN AT POTSDAM, WHERE THE PRINCES WERE CONFIRMED.



THE MILITARY AND POLICE RAID ON RUSSIAN PREMISES IN PEKING: CAPTURED AUTOMATIC PISTOLS AND AMMUNITION.

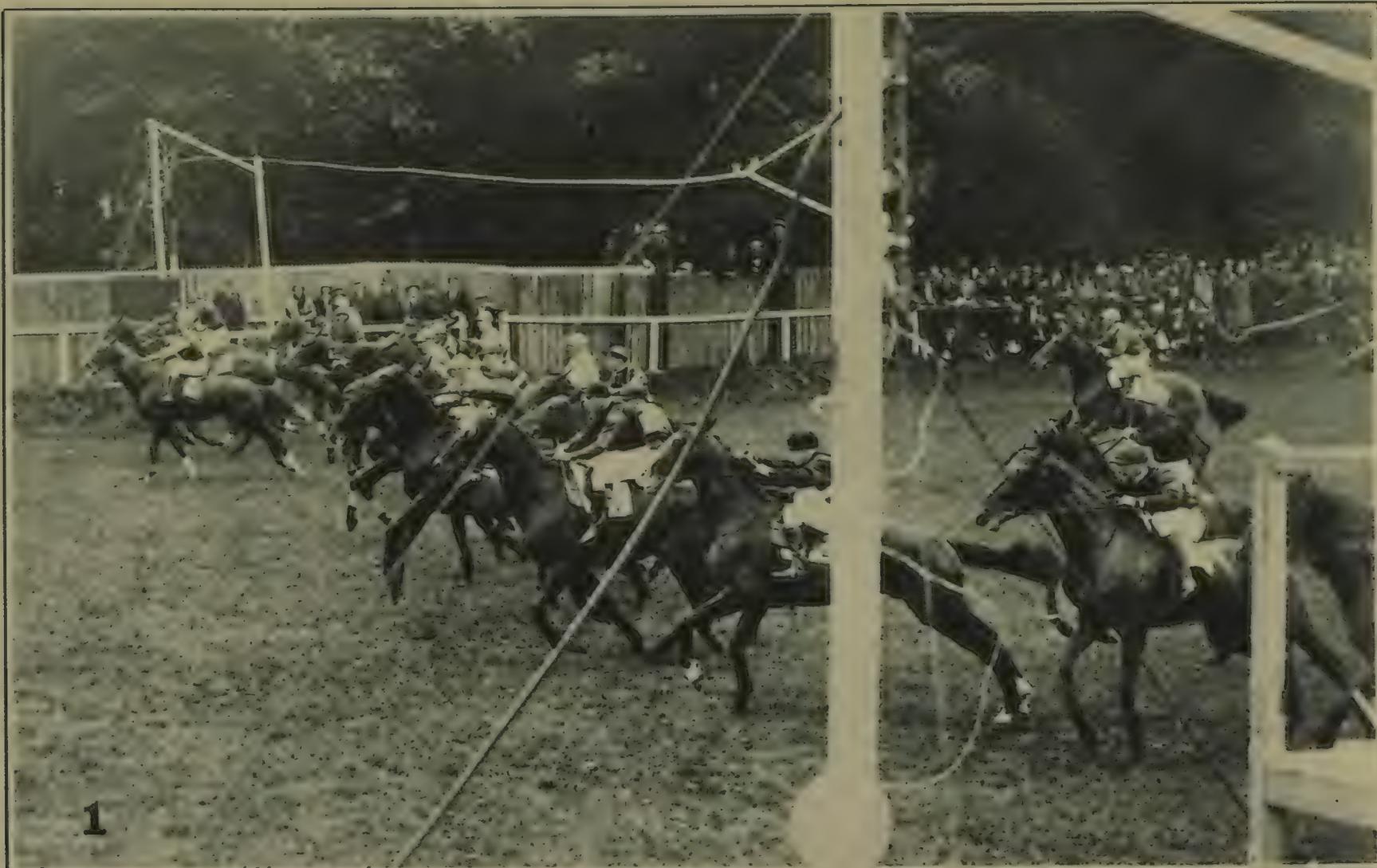


SEIZED BY THE RAIDERS OF RUSSIAN PREMISES IN PEKING: SEALS AND FLAGS OF THE PROPOSED RUSSIAN SOVIET GOVERNMENTS OF JEHOL, CHAHAR, SUIYUAN (MONGOLIA); AND PROVINCES OF NORTHERN CHINA.

The R.A.F. test flight from Cairo to the Cape and back over an 11,000-miles route was successfully carried out by four Fairey-Napier machines under Commodore Samson. The departure from Cairo was on March 30; Cape Town was reached on April 21; the return journey started on April 25; and the arrival at the Heliopolis Aerodrome was on May 22.—It was reported from Peking on April 6 that much excitement had been aroused in Chinese and foreign circles by an armed military and police raid on Russian premises adjoining the Soviet Embassy in the Legation Quarter of the city. Some fifty Chinese and twenty Russians were put under arrest. Much material was removed in cars—rifles,

pistol ammunition, literature, Kuomintang red flags, and so on. Later Reuter telegraphed that the authorities of the Ankuochun (the Northern Allies' Army) had stated that the raid had yielded overwhelming evidence that the Soviet Union was deeply involved in plots to overthrow law and order in Northern China. Subsequently a Note signed by Litvinov announced the Soviet Government's determination to recall its Chargé d'Affaires from Peking with all the Embassy, leaving only the personnel to deal with Consular matters.—The group showing the former German Crown Prince and Princess includes Prince Frederick, their youngest son (on left), and Prince Hubert (at back).

THE DERBY IN PROGRESS: THE START; AND TATTENHAM CORNER.



1. WITH CALL BOY (NO. 9), THE FAVOURITE AND THE WINNER, GETTING WELL AWAY (THE NEAREST HORSE OF THE GROUP ON THE EXTREME LEFT, AHEAD OF THE REST OF THE FIELD): THE START OF THE DERBY.

2. THE FIELD AT TATTENHAM CORNER TURNING INTO THE STRAIGHT: AN INTERESTING VIEW OF THE RACE, SHOWING THE NEW GRAND STAND (IN THE RIGHT BACKGROUND), WITH THE WINNING-POST AT THE FAR END.

The Derby was run at Epsom on Wednesday, June 1. Most of the field made a good start, with the exception of three horses—Stampede, Birthright, and Jack's Son. Call Boy, the favourite and the winner (seen on the left in the background of the upper illustration), got well away, just in front of a group including Adam's Apple, Sickle, and Hot Night. Coming down the hill, Call Boy secured the rails, and at Tattenham Corner was only a neck in front of Shian Mor, which came in

third. A photograph of the finish appears among those on the succeeding double-page. This year's Derby, it may be noted, was the first to be run in front of the magnificent new Grand Stand (which is illustrated on another double-page in this number), and it was also the first Derby at which Betting Tax officials have been on duty. It was the first dry Derby Day for three years, but, though there was no rain, the weather was somewhat misty.

THE FAVOURITE WINS THE DERBY IN RECORD TIME: CALL BOY'S VICTORY; THE FINISH; ROYAL SPECTATORS.



1. THE KING'S DAUGHTER AT THE DERBY: PRINCESS MARY VISCONTESS LASCELLES AND VISCOUNT LASCELLES IN THE PADDOCK AT EPSOM.
2. THE WINNER OF THE DERBY AND HIS JOCKEY: MR. F. CURZON'S CALL BOY (E. C. ELLIOTT UP) BEING LED IN AFTER THE RACE.

The 144th Derby, run at Epsom on Wednesday, June 1, was won by the favourite, Mr. Frank Curzon's Call Boy (E. C. Elliott up), which made most of the running, and finished two lengths ahead of Sir Victor Sassoon's Hot Night (Wragg up), which came in second. Major J. S. Courtauld's Shian Mor (Lane up) was third, eight lengths behind Hot Night. Call Boy had been quoted in the betting at 7 to 2 against, Hot Night at 11 to 2, and Shian Mor at 22 to 1. Call Boy's time (2 min. 34 2/5 sec.) was a "record" for the race, beating that of Captain Cuttle. Before the race, opinion had been fairly equally divided among the "big four"—Call Boy, Hot Night, Lord Derby's Sickie, and Mr. C. W. Whitburn's Adam's Apple. Thus, in the result, two of the four justified

3. THE FINISH OF THE RACE: THE FAVOURITE, CALL BOY (ELLIOTT UP), PASSING THE POST TWO LENGTHS AHEAD OF HOT NIGHT, WITH SHIAN MOR EIGHT LENGTHS BEHIND THE LATTER.

expectations. Sickie was fifth. It is some years since the Derby has been won by the favourite. There was tremendous cheering on the arrival of the King and Queen, with other members of the Royal Family, including the Prince of Wales, Prince Henry, Princess Mary Viscountess Lascelles, and the Duke of Connaught. The royal party drove from Buckingham Palace to Epsom in a fleet of seven motor-cars. Another outburst of cheering greeted the hero of the Atlantic flight, Captain Lindbergh, who was the guest of Lord Lonsdale. Among the features of this year's Derby Day was the large number of women among the spectators, and the early morning crowd on the Downs was bigger than usual. Motor-buses and cars had been used for sleeping during the night.

4. THE PRINCE OF WALES (ON THE LEFT) AND PRINCE HENRY (ON THE RIGHT) AT EPSOM FOR THE DERBY: THE ROYAL BROTHERS WALKING DOWN THE COURSE.
5. THE KING AND QUEEN ARRIVE: THEIR MAJESTIES ENTERING THE NEW GRAND STAND, WITH LORD LONSDALE (LEFT) AND LORD DALMENY (RIGHT).



AFTER THE GREAT RACE: LEADING-IN THE DERBY WINNER.



1. MR. FRANK CURZON LEADING-IN HIS COLT, CALL BOY (E. C. ELLIOTT UP), THE WINNER OF THE DERBY, AFTER THE GREAT RACE: THE SCENE AT THE ENTRANCE OF THE UNSADDLING ENCLOSURE AT EPSOM.

2. IN THE RING OF THE UNSADDLING ENCLOSURE NEAR THE NEW GRAND STAND AT EPSOM: CALL BOY, THE WINNER OF THE DERBY, UNSADDLED, AND HIS JOCKEY, ELLIOTT (CARRYING THE SADDLE), GOING TO BE WEIGHED-IN AFTER THE RACE.

Mr. Frank Curzon, the owner of the Derby winner, is the well-known theatrical manager. He was formerly on the stage himself, and he married Miss Isabel Jay, the actress. At the Press Club Derby luncheon (illustrated on another page) he said: "Call Boy is trained to the second, but I do not think he will win the Derby, because it is too good to be true." After the race Mr. Curzon was presented to the King. The trainer was Mr. Watts. Call Boy's

sire was Hurry On, and his dam Comedienne. He is the third of Hurry On's sons to win the Derby, the others being Captain Cuttle and Coronach. E. C. Elliott, the jockey, who rode Call Boy, has ridden winners in the Two Thousand and the One Thousand, but this was his first success in the Derby. The circular weighing-in enclosure, seen above, is a feature of the new Grand Stand at Epsom, as shown on our double-page illustrating it in this number.

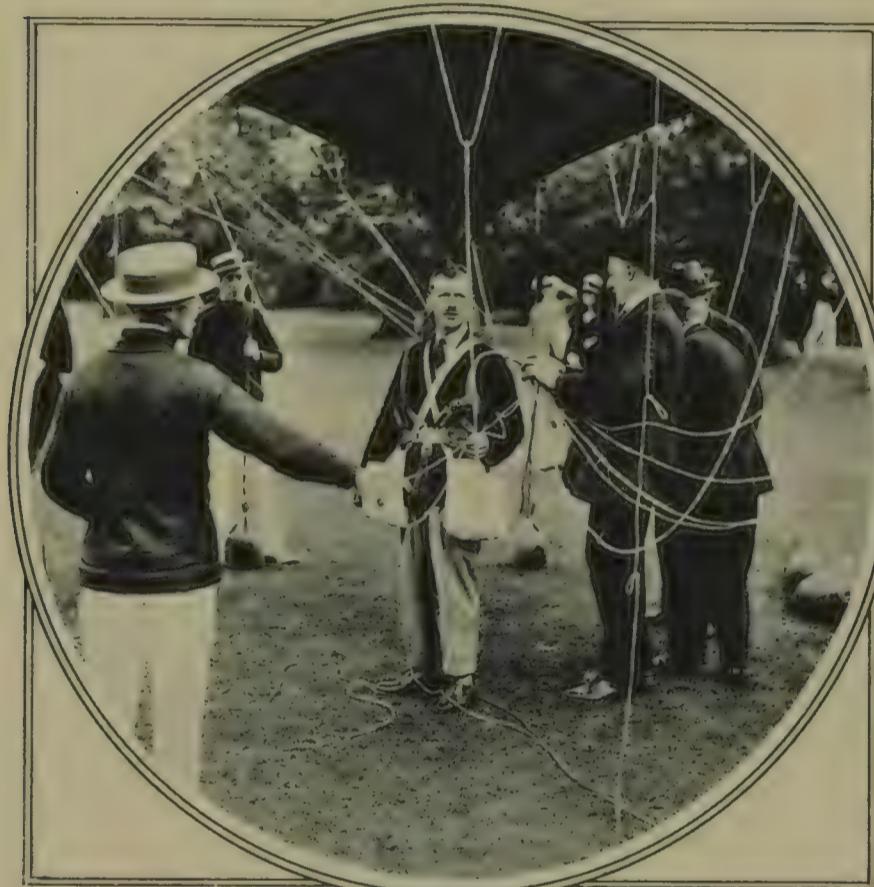
FROM THE WORLD'S SCRAP-BOOK: NEW ITEMS OF TOPICAL INTEREST.



ONE OF THE THREE BATTLE-SHIPS SUDDENLY ORDERED TO EGYPT IN CONNECTION WITH THE BRITISH NOTE ON THE SIRDARSHIP QUESTION: H.M.S. "MALAYA," WHICH HAS GONE TO ALEXANDRIA



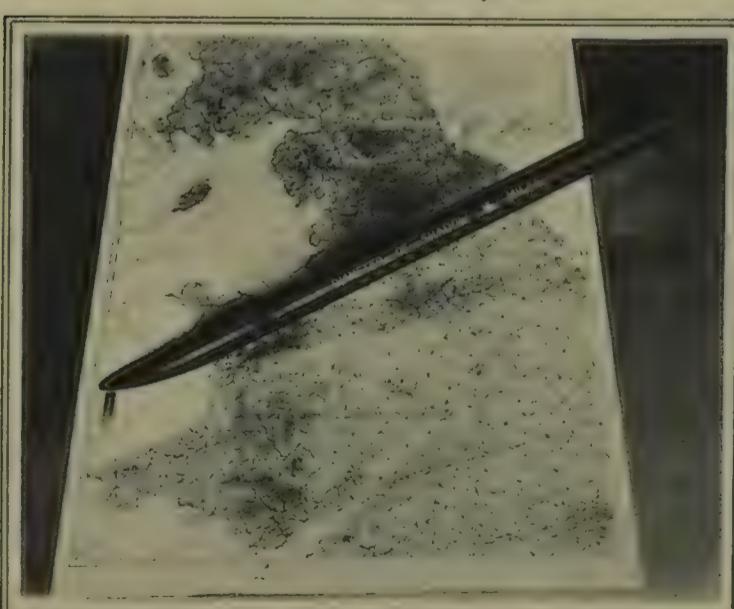
H.M.S. "BARHAM": THE OTHER BATTLE-SHIP RECENTLY SENT TO ALEXANDRIA, WITH THE "MALAYA," AS A PRECAUTION AGAINST POSSIBLE DISTURBANCES IN EGYPT, WHILE THE "ROYAL SOVEREIGN," WENT TO PORT SAID.



BALLOON-JUMPING INTRODUCED AMONG THE SPORTING EVENTS AT RANELAGH: CAPTAIN DAVIDSON, WITH HIS HARNESS AND WEIGHTS ATTACHED, TESTING THE BALLOON BEFORE MAKING A JUMP.



A SPECTACULAR DISPLAY OF THE NEW SPORT OF BALLOON-JUMPING AT RANELAGH: CAPTAIN DAVIDSON MAKING A SUCCESSFUL JUMP OVER A HIGH TREE.



AN ILLUSTRATIVE FORECAST OF THE SOLAR ECLIPSE OF JUNE 29: A MODEL OF THE MOON'S SHADOW AS IT WILL PASS OVER THE NORTH OF ENGLAND.

The recent recommendation by a committee of the Egyptian Parliament that the Sirdar (the British Commander-in-Chief of the Egyptian Army) should be deprived of his powers raised a question of vital importance to British interests in Egypt, necessitating firm action. Lord Lloyd, the High Commissioner, presented a Note from the British Government to the Egyptian Premier, Sarwat Pasha, on May 30, dealing with the subject of Army administration. At the same time, in view of certain signs of possible disturbances by extremists, it was thought advisable to send warships to Egyptian ports from Malta. Accordingly the battle-ships "Barham" (flying the flag of Vice-Admiral Kelly) and "Malaya" were ordered to Alexandria, and the "Royal Sovereign" (Rear-Admiral Norris) to Port Said.—



THE DERBY LUNCH AT THE PRESS CLUB: (L. TO R., STANDING) SIR V. SASSOON, LORD DEWAR, VISCOUNT LASCELLES, LORD DERBY, MR. EDGAR WALLACE (CHAIRMAN), COL. SOFER WHITBURN.

The new sport of balloon-jumping, recently brought to this country from America, has now been introduced at Ranelagh, where a successful display was given the other day by Captain Davidson. It will be recalled that in March a fatal accident occurred to a balloon-jumper at Edgware through his coming into contact with electric wires.—The lower left illustration shows a model constructed by Dr. E. H. Rayner, of the National Physical Laboratory, of the slightly conical shadow of the moon as it will begin to cross England in the eclipse of the sun on June 29. The model was made to illustrate radio experiments to be carried out during the eclipse. At the moment illustrated the axis of the shadow will be about fifty miles high over the South Yorkshire coast, and reach the earth in Cardigan Bay.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD: VIEWS OF THE MOST NOTABLE EVENTS AND OCCASIONS NEAR AND FAR.



THE OXFORD SUMMER EIGHTS: CHRIST CHURCH MAINTAINING THE HEADSHIP OF THE RIVER ON MAY 28, AND MAGDALEN ON THE POINT OF BEING BUMPED BY BRASENOSE.



ROYAL ROOMS IN EPSOM'S NEW GRAND STAND: THE QUEEN'S APARTMENT.



ROYAL ROOMS IN EPSOM'S NEW GRAND STAND: THE KING'S APARTMENT.



THE LONE FLYER AT WESTMINSTER ABBEY: CAPT. LINDBERGH (PRECEDED BY THE AMERICAN AMBASSADOR, WHO PLACED A WREATH ON THE GRAVE OF THE UNKNOWN WARRIOR).



THE OPENING MEET OF THE COACHING CLUB: THE SCENE AT THE POWDER MAGAZINE IN HYDE PARK, WHERE A DOZEN COACHES TURNED OUT.



ADMIRAL BEATTY'S SUCCESSOR AS FIRST SEA LORD: ADMIRAL OF THE FLEET SIR CHARLES MADDEN—WITH THE BISHOP OF LONDON ON THE RIGHT—AFTER A LEVÉE.



LEAVING CHESHAM HOUSE, THE SOVIET LEGATION, SINCE THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT'S NOTICE TO QUIT: M. KHRISCHUK, THE SOVIET TRADE AGENT IN BRITAIN.



IN CONTRAST TO THE PICTURESQUE VERSIONS OF THE PAINTERS! GIPSY WITH MOTOR-CARAVANS AT THE EPSOM SUMMER MEETING, FOR THE DERBY.



PART OF THE SCHOOL AT BATH, MICHIGAN, BLOWN UP BY A DEMENTED FARMER: THE BUILDING AFTER THE EXPLOSION, WHICH KILLED ABOUT 40 PERSONS.



A WING OF THE DISTRICT SCHOOL-HOUSE AT BATH, MICHIGAN, BLOWN UP BY A DEMENTED FARMER: AN AIR VIEW DURING RESCUE WORK.

The Oxford Summer Eights began on May 26, and it was arranged that they should be continued until the following Wednesday.—With regard to our illustrations of the Royal Apartments in the new Grand Stand at Epsom, it may be noted that a double-page drawing of that Stand is given on pages 999-999 of this number.—On May 30 Captain Lindbergh attended the American Memorial Day Service at St. Margaret's Church, Westminster, with the American Ambassador, and accompanied him to Westminster Abbey, where his Excellency laid a wreath on the grave of the Unknown Warrior.—The opening meet of the season of the Coaching Club took place on May 28. The coaches made the usual tour of the Park and were then driven to Ranelagh.—The photograph showing Admiral of the Fleet Sir Charles Madden and the Bishop of London was taken as they were leaving H.M.'s Levee at St. James's Palace this week.

As all the world knows, the British Government's decision to end relations with Soviet Russia was ratified by the House of Commons by 367 votes to 118.



DR. T. G. MASARYK RE-ELECTED PRESIDENT OF THE CZECHOSLOVAK REPUBLIC FOR SEVEN YEARS: THE PRESIDENT REVIEWING THE GUARD OF HONOUR.



AFTER THE DECISION TO SEVER RELATIONS WITH SOVIET RUSSIA: FIXING A NOTICE ON CHESHAM HOUSE ANNOUNCING THE CLOSURE OF THE SOVIET LEGATION.

Packing-up the Soviet Legation in Chesham Place began almost immediately after the delivery of the Note to M. Rosenzweig, the Soviet Chargé d'Affaires in London.—On May 18 it was reported that a wing of the District School-house at Bath, Michigan, had been blown up with dynamite, and that there had been about forty killed—most of them children. Among the adult dead were the Principal, a teacher, two bystanders, and Andrew Kehoe, treasurer of the School district. It was stated that Kehoe had placed dynamite in the cellar of the school and, after he had blown up his own house and an adjoining barn, sought to connect a wire from the dynamite in the school to electric batteries in his motor-car. As the Principal tried to stop him, he fired a revolver into dynamite in the ear, and the dynamite in the school cellar exploded.—On May 27 Dr. Masaryk was re-elected President of the Czechoslovak Republic at a Joint Session of the Senate and Chamber of Deputies. M. Svetla, the Premier, seen behind the President in our photograph, drove to the Castle at Prague to inform Dr. Masaryk.

The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.

THREE AUTHORS: A NEW ANGLO-JEWISH DRAMATIST, H. R. LE NORMAND, D. H. LAWRENCE.

THE Jewish Drama League seems lucky. It has in its two years' existence discovered two young Jewish dramatists in our midst. Its prize-play, "Israel in the Kitchen," has already been acquired for America, and now comes Mr. H. Geoffrey Woolfe's "Come to Meet the Bride," which, after a successful Sunday trial, is likely to add to the gaiety of the provinces, perhaps of London. It is a jolly, mad thing, this story of a shrewd young Israelite who dearly loved a penniless girl, and, in order to win her, confronts his parents, out for money, with that horrible prospect—a marriage with a Christian maiden. But, if the plot is absurd and rather ingenuous than ingenious, the telling reveals a real humourist, and one with a kindly eye on the qualities and foibles of his race. The scene is laid in a Hampstead boarding house where reigns the atmosphere of the beehive—tussles and squabbles—tittle-tattle and gentle

finely translated by Mr. Rowland Leigh, we behold a woeful picture of shattered ambitions and ideals. An ambitious young actor-playwright, whose new play fails and condemns him to a miserable existence among *cabotins* on tour, has a loving mate in the young actress who believes in him, links his fate to hers, and follows him courageously. When they are hungering, she sells herself for food. At first he accepts the situation in the indifference of despair; but he realises that her sacrifice has killed his love and his passion for her. One more shattered ideal! And so he sinks lower and lower; seeks solace in drink, for alcohol alone can revive his daydreams of "might-have been." But with the vision splendid commingles the horrible reality. He hates himself and the world; he hates the girl who sold herself for his sake. Like a modern Othello, he kills her in her slumbers; then, as the police knock at the door, he shoots himself. His fellow-players, beholding the corpses, find it a splendid occasion to deliver a funeral oration in the approved barn-storming manner of mediocre mummery.

It is a play of kaleidoscopic structure. In thirteen scenes we behold the turn of the wheel of fate. It begins gaily with an ironical rehearsal scene, deft of detail, biting in its sarcasm; after that all is sombre and *macabre*—a relentless march towards doom. But it is not the episodes that matter; nor, if the mechanism of the theatre allows quick changes, are they disturbing. For the whole scheme is to describe the gradual deterioration of two souls, one active and the other carried on willy-nilly on the downward path. It is a terrific picture of human woe—one long sigh of "might-have-been." The great cities of the world are peopled in their thousands with such "*ratés*," the Absaloms in the battle of life. It is a depressing work, but a powerful one; despite its sombreness, it preaches, unobtrusively, the gospel of pity and charity. In saddening us, it makes us think of the human wreckage around us with an unheard little thanksgiving that—praise God!—our lot has not driven us to the precipice. Whatever we may say of the methods of Mr. Le Normand—and I confess that towards the end the drabness became an obsession—we must concede to him that he is a profound thinker, and that he sees the phase of life he chose to depict steadily and whole. Miss Ffrangcon-Davies as the girl—almost a Madonna of the lower plane—gave a picture of exquisite tenderness and feeling. She is the very Desdemona to come. Mr. Colin Keith-Johnston had fine moments as the Might-have-been, but he must bridle his emphasis; he would seem to underline every word he utters—acting in *italics*, as I would call it—and the result is that in this clamorous manner of diction the inwardness is overshadowed. Yet I am convinced that he feels what he says, and that a masterful producer could modulate his great gifts into well-attuned effect.

Those who had read "David" in book-form had arrived at a foregone conclusion. The very qualities of analysis and introspection which render Mr. D. H. Lawrence's novels powerful human documents militate against his success as a dramatist. Nor did the performance, though meritorious in many parts, alter that forecast. Mr. Lawrence lacks the sense of the theatre, the sense of proportion. His words are sometimes magnificent, but imagery overwhelming the action grows wearisome. Before going to the play, I took up the Old Testament, and the wonderful narrative made me see it all in tense dramatic vision. The play rarely did that. It was like cold academic statuary animated into a semblance of life. For a while the language cast its spell, but the action was

so slow and strained that one could not warm to it.

This is essentially a play of declamation, and all too often the dramatist seems to shirk the climax. Thus the fight between David and Goliath is merely illustrated by description and shouts in the wings; the preferment of David to his brethren is nothing more than a rapid valuation as if by an auctioneer; the exchange of raiment between Jonathan and David is not unlike a dressing scene in a dressing-room; the search of Saul for David in his chamber perilously approaches a bed-room scene in a French farce: it was saved by Angela Baddeley's feeling diction, but for all that it was rather comic than dramatic. Only twice in this elaboration of the Biblical tale does Mr. Lawrence touch real climax—in Jonathan's brief soliloquy avowing his fealty to David; and, magnificently, in Saul's visitation by foreign spirits—as fine a picture of mental aberration as words can give. It is this one scene which rouses the hearer from, at times, lethargic listening to emotion. In this soliloquy there is a touch of classical power. All the rest betrays a mere effort to be dramatic with the aid of verbal finery and magic and pictorial effects. While the oratorical part was fascinating reading, it became on the lips of the actors redundant, sonorous, and often hollow. To be candid, as an experiment the production of "David" was of interest; as an achievement it went only to prove that Mr. Lawrence is a dramatist by *tour de force*, but not by intuition. What he has to learn is technique. We felt it in his former play, "The Widowing of Mrs. Holroyd"—remember the grotesque, interminable episode of the washing of the corpse. We felt it more keenly in "David," which on me left the impression not of a play, but of a dramatic poem dissected to force it into dramatic form. To find the soul and spirit of David, of Saul, to sense the sway of their personalities over the people of Israel, we have to turn to the Old Testament.



A WELL-KNOWN ITALIAN SINGER ENGAGED FOR COVENT GARDEN: SIGNOR DINO BORGIOLO, AS THE DUKE IN "RIGOLETTO."

The production of "Rigoletto" at Covent Garden was fixed for Wednesday, June 1. The cast announced included Mme. Maria Ivogün and Signor Cesare Formichi.

scandal-mongering—fights for the first bath and for the easy chair—constant discussion of the main chance; and, leavening it all, a little romance—old lovers uniting after many years; young lovers straightening the path towards happiness. Every type is to be found in this little menagerie. Mr. Woolfe looks upon them with a shrewd smile; he does not only laugh at them in many little traits, but he laughs with them. He knows their mentality; he lets them babble in their own peculiar parlance; his dialogue is bright with those funny sayings which are the fount of countless anecdotes. As yet he has to learn the rudiments of dramatic construction. His play rambles; for the sake of making fun he defies logic and common-sense; but he never fails to be amusing; albeit that now and again in his exuberance he overshoots the mark and might hurt his brethren by candour bordering on rudeness. But the audience hardly noticed these excesses of youthful *insouciance*. They smiled and roared at his every sally—for the Jews, like the Scots and Irish, are never so happy as when their idiosyncrasies are the butt of the humourist. And so the little frolic—capitally played by actors who enjoyed themselves as much as the audience—gave us a hilarious evening, and a new playwright who deserves an encouraging pat on the back.

We have to thank the Venturers for the acquaintance of Mr. H. R. Le Normand—a playwright well known all the world over except in England. Nor will his work ever be popular here, for it is purely artistic and—to put it in one word—pessimistic. He studies the drabness of the world, and any ray of light allowed to penetrate it carries the shadow of sarcasm. In "The Might-Have-Beens" (*Les Ratés*),



A BERLIN PRIMA-DONNA, SUCCESSFUL AT COVENT GARDEN, WHO LIKES BRITISH AUDIENCES: MME. GOTÄ LJUNGBERG (AS SIEGLINDE). Mme. Ljungberg, who sang with great success as Kundry in "Parsifal" and as Sieglinde in "Die Walküre," wrote recently (with reference to the German custom of not applauding "Parsifal"): "English people have as wide an understanding of opera as any in the world. I love the English opera audiences, because they are so appreciative. We do not object to applause in 'Parsifal.'"

HAIG TERCENTENARY

1627

1927



How they used St. Paul's in 1627

April 6, 1627

"At Paul's in the morning, where I had appointment with old Isaac, there to borrow £50, which my wife had squandered on her trademen's bill this season, but the rascal did ask me such a wicked price of interest that I would take none of his money. A plague on the scoundrelly porters that do defile the noble church by carrying their burdens in the very aisle!"

One, more clumsy than the rest, when I thrust him aside, did carelessly overset his basket of meat and so quite spoil my fine new cloak with much grease and ugly stains. A luckless day, withal."—From the *unwritten Journal* of Christopher Mountjoy, Knight, sometime Gentleman of the Bedchamber to Charles I.

WHAT changes the lapse of time has wrought since that year 1627 when John Haig Whisky was first distilled. A greater cathedral than old "Paul's" has grown old on the same site, a greater reverence towards her sacred precincts has grown up in the hearts of men. In these three centuries the Father of all Scotch Whiskies has won its way to its present popularity; amply proving how pure and free from acidity John Haig Whisky is, and how well matured.

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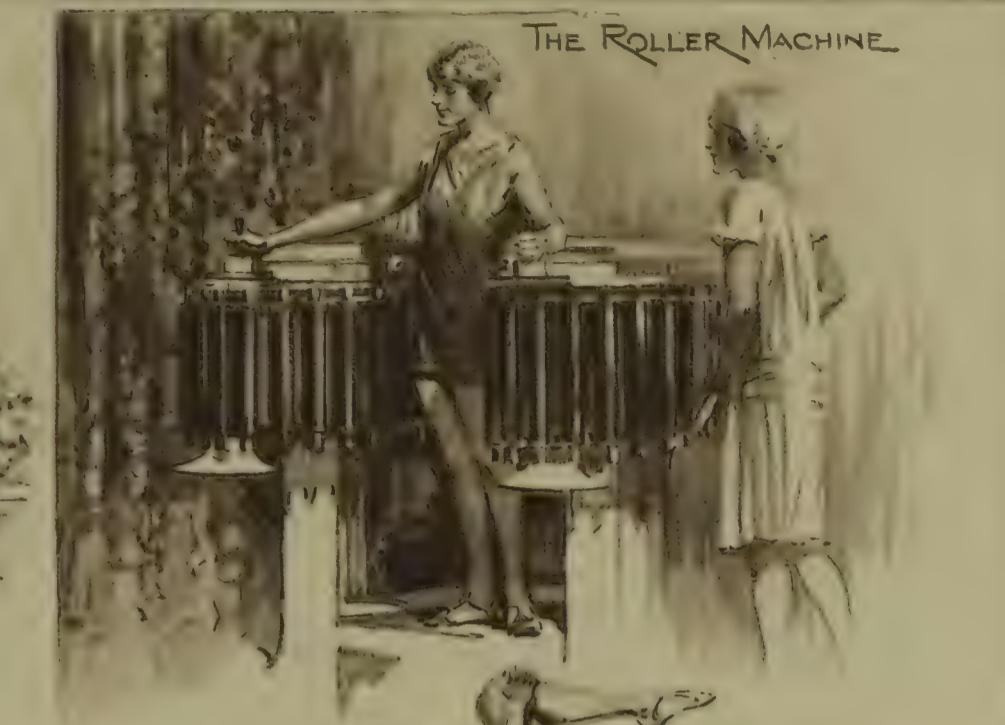
THE MODERN WORSHIP OF HYGIEA: A DEVOTEE IN THE "TEMPLE."

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, C. E. TURNER. (COPYRIGHTED.)

THE FIRST STEP

MEASUREMENTS ARE NOTED
HEIGHT, WEIGHT, ETC.

THE ROLLER MACHINE



EXERCISES

HOW THE MODERN WOMAN PURSUES THE IDEAL OF HEALTH, BEAUTY, AND ETERNAL YOUTH:
EXERCISES THAT KEEP HER BODY SLIM AND SUPPLE.

Hygiea, the goddess of health, daughter of *Esculapius*, still has her devotees, though they worship her to-day with rites that may differ somewhat from those of ancient Greece. The cult of physical perfection is, however, an essential Greek ideal, that was pursued of old in the gymnastic exercises both of youths and maidens. Our artist here illustrates some typical "devotions" in an up-to-date "temple" of the goddess. To be lithe, graceful, poised, and beautiful is the

ambition of the modern woman, and in order to achieve this she knows full well that she must exercise. Perfectly balanced movements, accompanied with music, keep every tissue functioning gaily and eagerly; they set the blood dancing like an elixir of spring in the veins, and maintain the keen lines of youth in the figure. The roller machine, massage, and radiant bathing are all aids in making woman fit, and soon there comes out of disorder poise and perfect well-being.

THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

Our Summer Carnival. "Since I was so quickly done for, I wonder what I was begun for," might almost be the epitaph of the Season, which has crowded so much into the past ten or twelve days that it already seems to be

Mrs. Baldwin and of Mrs. Amery, wife of the Colonial Secretary. One thing, however, Lady Chamberlain could not do. She could act as hostess to M. Doumergue at a brilliant social gathering, but, much as she would have liked to do so, she could not attend



AT HOLYROOD: A GROUP TAKEN DURING THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND. Standing from left to right: Mace-Bearer; the Hon. Hugh Dalrymple; Mr. Malcolm Erskine, Scots Guards, A.D.C.; the Rev. Dr. Fleming, Chaplain; Mr. J. C. Cowper, W.S., Purse Bearer; Captain Arthur Purvis, Scots Guards, A.D.C.; Viscount Dalrymple, Scots Guards, A.D.C. Sitting, left to right: Lady Marion Dalrymple; Lady Edith Trotter; Lady Victoria Wemyss; the Lord High Commissioner, the Earl of Stair; the Countess of Stair; Miss Callander; the Countess of Haddington; and Lady Jean Dalrymple.

taking on autumn tints. The Caledonian Ball is nothing but a memory. Not for another twelve months will that splendid array of patronesses gaze from the dais at the kilted stalwarts from the North and the shingled girls looking so gallant in their tartans, or hear a London hall resound to the "Hooch" of reel-dancing Dukes. The two first Courts, distinguished for their brilliance, as well as for the number of matrons who wore white gowns and the number of important débantes who wore pink chiffon,

are over. Thousands of people have survived the heat of the marqueses at the most wonderful of Chelsea Flower Shows. The Queen has had her child guests at her birthday party—a pleasure which so many people shared in imagination. Notable balls have been held, and a host of private dances; and to-day society amuses itself once more at Epsom. It seems almost time for a rest cure.

"THE LENGLEN OF GERMANY":
FRÄULEIN CECILIE AUSSEN.

Fräulein Aussen caused a sensation at Saint Cloud last week when she beat Mlle. Contostavlos, France's first player (6-0, 6-1, and 6-3).

Lady Chamberlain.

As wife of the Foreign Secretary, Lady Chamberlain attended the first two Courts, but she will miss the others, as she has gone abroad for a month. A woman of gracious personality and tact, she is extremely popular in Diplomatic circles, and possesses a quiet influence. It will always be remembered that she was to some extent responsible for the Locarno Treaty, for, in the early stages of the negotiations, when the representatives of the Powers had come to an *impasse*, Mrs. Chamberlain (as she was then) happily remembered that her birthday was occurring, and proposed that the occasion should be celebrated by a picnic on the Lake of Geneva. The picnic was an entire success, and by the time the holiday-makers returned, the immediate difficulty had been smoothed away. It was for this reason that the nation so warmly approved of the honour conferred on Mrs. Chamberlain when she was made a Dame of the British Empire. She had only borne the title of Dame Ivy Chamberlain for a very brief time when she became Lady Chamberlain. None of the present Cabinet receives more help from his wife than does Sir Austen, and that is saying a great deal when one remembers the untiring work of

his official farewell at Victoria Station when he left for Paris. The President and his Foreign Secretary, M. Briand, are bachelors, and as there was, therefore, no lady to be farewelled, the King's guests had a black-coated view of London at the last.

Lady Oxford's
Dismay.

This must have been a rare occurrence, for Lady Oxford, used as she is to official procedure, was frankly dismayed when she arrived at the station, bringing a farewell message from Lord Oxford to his old friend M. Briand, and found that it was impossible, even for her, to pass the barrier. The arrangements were, of course, in the hands of the Lord Chamberlain, and all that the sympathetic Foreign Secretary could do was to bring M. Briand to the narrow space between the end of the barrier and the edge of the platform.

Political
Women.

Though last week was socially the most brilliant of the season, it had its serious side. For one thing, there was the two-days' annual conference of the Conservative Women's Organisation. This kept thousands of women busy at the Queen's Hall on Thursday and part of Friday, discussing such topics as the Mental Deficiency Bill, Poor Law Reform, the Trade Unions Bill, and, of course, the subject that claims first attention just now for all political women—how to educate the new electorate. The first afternoon session began with half an hour of community singing, and in the evening there was a reception.

Lady Elveden, who has had some rest from her political labours during her recent visit to her brother-in-law, Lord Irwin, the Viceroy of India, presided at the Conference, as she has done for the last two years, and took the chair at the mass meeting in the Albert Hall, where Mr. Baldwin spoke. The Premier has the excellent and pleasing habit, when he addresses a meeting of women, of taking them seriously, and speaking just as he would to a gathering of men. It has not yet occurred to all our political leaders to do this.

THE BRITISH HARD COURTS
CHAMPION: MISS BETTY
NUTHALL.

Miss Betty is only just sixteen, her birthday having taken place recently. She is to partner Mrs. Godfree in the Doubles at Wimbledon.

"Miss
Bedford."

Princess Mary Viscountess Lascelles is to lay the foundation-stone of the new wing of Bedford College for Women next Thursday, and, after that, the guests will be entertained at a garden-party in the pretty grounds. This should be a picturesque affair, for all the learned ladies will wear academic dress. It is to be hoped some of them will adopt the excellent fashion of matching the colour of the hood with the colour of the frock. Bedford College has always been very fortunate in its friends. Lady Elveden is the Hon. Treasurer of the Extension Fund, and among her colleagues are Lady Ampthill, the Dowager Lady Jersey, Lady Rothschild, and Mrs. Philip Snowdon. Lady Cynthia Colville, who is the Marquess of Crewe's daughter and Woman of the Bedchamber to the Queen, as Chairman of the Reception Committee, gave a Press tea at the College the other day to discuss the arrangements for Thursday. Many of the students at Bedford College are interesting themselves in social studies, and, as part of their training, go regularly as voluntary assistants to welfare centres, and so on. Sometimes, when different helpers go on succeeding days, they are known generically as "Miss Bedford." The opinion is general that "Miss Bedford" is a very charming and efficient girl.

Ishbel
Macdonald.

Miss Ishbel Macdonald, who returned last week with her father, Mr. Ramsay Macdonald, from America, had an anxious time there during his severe and mysterious illness; but she maintained a cheerful



A POPULAR YOUNG PERSON OUT FOR AN AIRING:
PRINCESS ELIZABETH OF YORK.

courage and came through the ordeal very well. But what has rather astonished her friends is Miss Macdonald's success as a public speaker. She had had some experience in speaking at meetings of her own Party, but nothing that would prepare her for the meeting of between three and four thousand people that she addressed in New York when her father was too ill to keep his engagement with them. It was rather disconcerting to find that she was to be broadcast. She addressed herself to her visible audience, and captivated them for twenty minutes. They liked her pretty Scotch voice, which, soft as it is, has good carrying power; they also admired her charming colour; and they marvelled at her perfect self-possession, extraordinary in a girl of twenty-two.

Painted
Fabrics.

Ex-Service men, disabled and unfit for heavier tasks, have been taught to make beautiful things; but nothing is more attractive than the painted fabrics produced by a settlement of ex-soldiers and sailors near Sheffield. The exhibition and sale held every year in London is full of materials for frocks and furnishings painted in charming designs. Next week, Lady Fitzwilliam is lending her house in Grosvenor Square for a two-days' exhibition which Princess Mary has promised to open, and many society girls will be on duty as saleswomen.

In July, Lady Fitzwilliam is giving a dance for the youngest of her four daughters, Lady Helena, who was presented a year or two ago. This is the daughter who accompanied Lady Fitzwilliam recently on her Mediterranean trip. Since then, both of them have been staying at their home in Yorkshire.



HUSBANDS

Gilt-Edged and Otherwise



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With each tome he reads aloud he grows a trifle duller,
Still—he has *one* bright idea—he 'uplifts' on ABDULLA!"

F. R. Holmes.

ABDULLA SUPERB CIGARETTES

TURKISH

EGYPTIAN

VIRGINIA

THE WORLD OF THE KINEMA.

BY MICHAEL OPMI

THE LITTLE KINEMA.

IT is bound to come, and it is badly needed. Therefore, let all lovers of the kinema raise up prophetic voices and pave its way. The enthusiasts of the theatre discovered long ago—though it took them years to discover it—that, if serious dramatic art were to survive, homes must be created for it: little theatres, which could be run so economically that the box-office point of view would not necessarily be the leading one, and where the purely artistic venture—the so-called "play with no money in it"—might be given a chance. If that play "with no money in it" turned out to be a big financial success—as has sometimes been the case, despite the cold shoulder of commercial managers—so much the better for the Little Theatre's coffers and its acumen. I should like to see the same development in the World of the Kinema. Our palatial picture-palaces are in many cases just the shop-windows for various film companies who exploit in them their own productions. In others the popular taste is catered for, and, while the fare is often good, the purely artistic or the experimental film is too risky a proposition for the management's policy. The few independent halls which are

invaded from time to time by an educational film, or a travelogue, or even by a film of exceptional calibre, are leased to the owner of the film—an arrangement that presupposes as long a run as the particular film will achieve. Occasionally, and at infrequent intervals, an artistic film of the kind that a popular audience might dub "high-brow"

finds its way to one or other of these halls. Thus "Destiny" (which ought to have been called "Death the Weary") was shown at the Polytechnic, and "Polikoushka," that poignant Russian tragedy revived a few weeks ago by the Film Society, was given a brief run at the St. James's in its earlier days of courage. I fear that courage has yielded to box-office persuasions by now. At any rate, the St. James's has fallen into line with the rest of the popular picture-palaces as regards its programmes.

Now, what we want is a small kinema which shall be to the art of the screen what the little Art Theatres of the Continent, of New York, and, in their wake, of London are to the art of the theatre. Rome was not built in a day, we know, and if we continue to cull our lessons from experience in the dramatic field, we perceive that it took the efforts of the Independent Theatre—which first introduced Ibsen and Shaw to London—and subsequently the brave spade-work of numerous play-producing societies to prepare the road for the "try-out" theatres of to-day. Nor is their struggle for existence an easy one now. But they do exist, and the tendency is to add to their ranks in answer to a growing demand for artistic plays.

Whether or not there is an even greater demand amongst intelligent film-goers for artistic films, I am not prepared to say, but that

[Continued overleaf.]



THE QUEEN OF FASHIONABLE FRENCH SEASIDE RESORTS: DEAUVILLE—THE TRIANON-LIKE CASINO AND ITS GARDEN ON THE FAMOUS PLAGE FLEURIE, OR "BEACH OF BLOSSOMS."

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Continued.]

the demand is there is proved by the Film Society. Its members pack the New Gallery from floor to roof on Sundays, when they show one of their interesting programmes. To the Film Society must

to build. There are any number of small houses suitable for the purpose. Nothing, for instance, could be better than the St. James's, if it could be acquired and its high ideals restored. I would

suggest that the policy pursued in running the Little Kinema should include not only artistic and experimental films, but also revivals of fine productions that at present seem lost in limbo once you have missed their week or so of release. Nor should the good popular film be barred. Such films as "A Woman of Paris" or "Tolable David" should be revived. Continental correspondents could keep the management informed about the best films shown abroad, some of which never find their way to England.

And what about the financial side? Ah, the financial side! The path to the bank—that

via dolorosa! Well, I am optimistic enough to hope for considerable support from members, for the Little Kinema should be run on subscriptions as well as on the casual visitor. I am optimistic because I am continually hearing people say they would go to the cinema if they were sure of seeing something good. These are the people, intelligent and keen enough, who lack either the time or the close interest to follow such notices as do appear in the Press about current releases.

And, as a matter of fact, it is none too easy to gather information about a fast flow of films. Filmgoers have to take their chance. Well, at the Little Kinema members and patrons would know that something good, something new, and something beautiful would figure in each programme. Therefore it would be worth their while to subscribe for a whole season. Furthermore, many of the Little Kinema's novelties might bring crowded houses; I am confident they would.

And for the rest, I clamour for a Mæcenas, as shamelessly as do the other arts. Just imagine, O rich and generous, if at present nebulous, patron, how wonderful it would be to back a thing so fresh, so vital, so immensely important as the Kinema! So full of pitfalls and surprises, so wide of horizon, and

AN INTERESTING NELSON RELIC PRESENTED TO THE "VICTORY": A TELESCOPE SAID TO HAVE BELONGED TO THE GREAT ADMIRAL—POSSIBLY THE ONE HE PUT TO HIS BLIND EYE AT COPENHAGEN.

This telescope, reputed to have belonged to Nelson, has been presented by Mr. F. A. Collier, of Knightsbridge, to the Society for Nautical Research, which is restoring H.M.S. "Victory," at Portsmouth, to her Trafalgar condition. It is to be exhibited, with other Nelson relics, in the Admiral's cabin when the reconstruction is completed. The telescope, which is 23 inches long, and has a mahogany case, was made by Dollond about 1780, and is almost identical with one in the Royal Naval Museum. The famous incident at Copenhagen took place in 1801.

be given all the honours of the pioneer. This one society has done more to demonstrate the enormous possibilities of the screen than any amount of written word or spoken argument could hope to do. Its admirably varied programmes, swinging from humour to tragedy, from the naive productions of the kinema's infancy to the baffling riddles of modernity, are an education in themselves. And, what is more to the point for the moment, the interest in the society's activity grows with each production.

Now, I take it that the Film Society would not be averse to a permanent home. It might bring its experience, its following, and its prestige to the support of a Little Kinema. There would be no need



A LIFEBOAT AS A PULPIT: THE PREACHER AND CONGREGATION ON THE BEACH AT HASTINGS DURING THE PICTURESQUE ANNUAL CEREMONY OF BLESSING THE SEA.

The annual ceremony of Blessing the Sea at Hastings, at Rogation-tide, was performed on May 25 in the picturesque old fishing quarter of the town, with Hastings Castle on the heights above. The preacher, who used the lifeboat as his pulpit, was the Rev. W. C. Bown, of St. John's, Tilbury Docks.

so impudently young! If I had a Little Kinema all my own, I know very well what I should be able to do with it. . . . Ah, well, it's bound to come in due time, though probably not to me.

Write for Estimate

GAZE AT GAZE'S GAZEWAY

& Gazeway Booklet



READERS ARE CORDIALLY INVITED TO VISIT "THE GAZEWAY."

Show House & Gardens on the Portsmouth Road, Surbiton, Surrey.

"She shall have smart shoes wherever she goes—



because she uses—

WHITE Cherry Blossom Boot Polish

ALSO IN BLACK,
BROWN & TONETTE
2½d., 4½d. & 6d. Tins

a concentrated, transparent, white wax polish that gives a quick shine, is economical, and, owing to the large percentage of wax, it preserves the leather.

The Chiswick Polish Co., Ltd., Chiswick, W.4, Makers of
MANSION POLISH for Floors and Furniture.

BÖLS

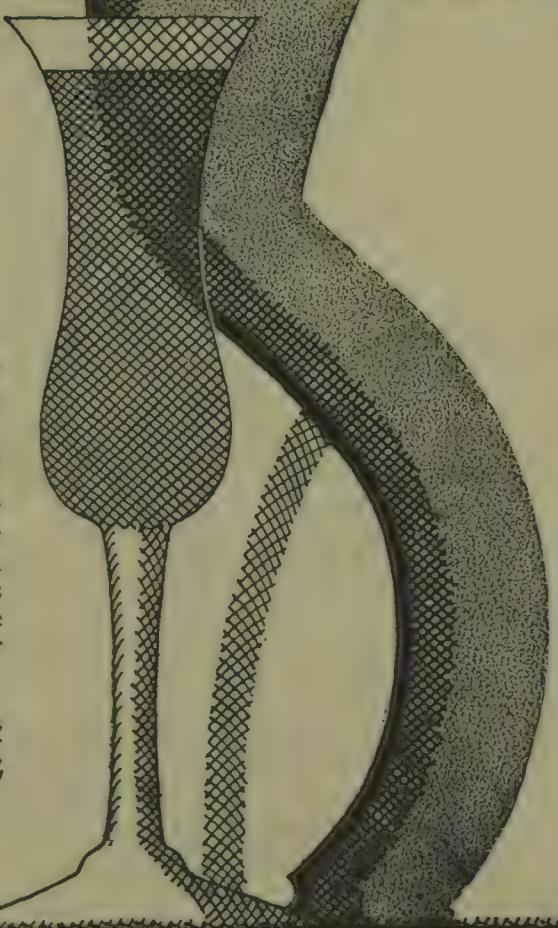


1575

The year of foundation in Amsterdam.

You don't know how good gin can be until you've tried Bols Very Old Hollands. Nor how good a liqueur can be until you drink Bols Kummel, Crème de Menthe or Cherry Brandy.

Vers Old Hollands Gin, Dry Gin, Kummel, Curaçao, Crème de Menthe, Maraschino and Cherry Brandy.



RHEUMATISM



Here is your REMEDY



5/- and 12/-
a bottle.

The large size
contains 3 times
the quantity
of small
size.

URODONAL—the definite remedy for Rheumatism discovered by the celebrated French Chemist, J. L. Chatelain, is a harmless efficient composition which entirely dissolves uric acid, and therefore removes the cause of all rheumatic troubles. It is prepared in the form of a granular effervescent salt, and acts in a gentle persistent manner, and may be taken regularly without causing the least injury to the system.

Keep URODONAL, a teaspoon and a tumbler handy, and you will keep RHEUMATISM at bay.

URODONAL

Urodonal is obtainable at all Chemists and Stores, or of the Sole Concessionnaires :

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164, PICCADILLY,
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There's no use talking - **TASTE IT !**

Blended, distilled and bottled in Scotland by CHAS. MACKINLAY & CO., DISTILLERS, LEITH.

OVER 10 YEARS OLD

Mackinlay's
LIQUEUR SCOTCH WHISKY

Also MACKINLAY'S V.O.B.

THE BOOKSELLER'S WINDOW.

THE GREY PILGRIM. By PHILIP JORDAN. (Duckworth; 7s. 6d.)

Ronald Caslon began as a sentimentalist and ended as an outcast, the pensioner of a wife who had endured too long and too much at his hands. He was a sentimental all through, of course; but he became a sickening brute before the long-suffering Millie retired to a convent. His history is told with crudity; but it has force, and it is logically constructed. A little lightness would have been welcome. Philip Jordan allows no escape from his serious purpose. The accident to Oliver is unnecessarily harrowing, and the villainy that placed him in the charge of the atrocious Carpenter is unconvincing. The Caslons of this world are cowards, and Ronald Caslon's design was too risky for him, at that stage, to have attempted. There is promise in "The Grey Pilgrim," and a straightforward story.

RESPECTABILITY. By BOHUN LYNCH. (Cape; 7s. 6d.)

Bohun Lynch puts respectability into the pillory, and, standing beside it, proclaims its vileness. "Look on my name; my name is—" jealousy, greed, salacity, bigotry. This is pretty strong; after all, it is easy to gibe at an unpopular quality. The state of being respectable is out of fashion for the moment; Mr. Lynch's book would have been a greater achievement if he had conceded it just a few good points. However, there is no gainsaying that "Respectability" is a clever and moving novel. Not the least adroit passages in it are those indicating the deep springs underlying the antagonism of Millicent and Esther, her sister's illegitimate daughter. There is something missed, that would have made the study more profound—a recognition of the fact that respectability (not quite as Mr. Lynch exhibits it) does really grow out of the foundations of human society. It is taboo to steal a man's wife for reasons much more natural and necessary than this brilliant piece of partisan fiction admits.

HOODMAN BLIND. By A. C. HASTINGS. (Bodley Head; 7s. 6d.)

The adventures of Martin Hunt in "Hoodman Blind" open in a trench in the Cameroons. There he is wounded in the head, and wakes from unconsciousness to loss of identity. His wanderings are

very well worked out, and there are some novelties in them that will commend A. C. Hastings's romance to readers seeking a genuine thrill. The last part of "Hoodman Blind" is perforce rather jejune: you know very well what will ensue once the stranger in tinted glasses arrives in the neighbourhood of his long-lost wife and finds her married to the kindly Learoyd. The African scenes are, as might be expected from Mr. Hastings, excellent.

COUSIN GEORGINA. By MRS. HICKS-BEACH. (Constable; 7s. 6d.)

The old order is passing, but enough of it survives, in fighting trim, to challenge the new. In "Cousin Georgina" the pride and culture laid up by a dozen generations are thrown into the losing battle. Mrs. Hicks-Beach has stressed the pride—intolerant and not a little scornful, but deeply reserved and English. The beginning of the book is confusing; the family relationships are clear, of course, to the family, but very difficult for anyone else to disentangle. But one perseveres, perceiving a rare and distinguished gallery of portraits. Mrs. Hicks-Beach arms Georgina with the weapons of a great lady, not least among them the narrowness that paradoxically includes a wide sweep of vision. Beauty of ancient houses is Georgina's background. The drama of the story is not hers. It is the last struggle of a masterful Valyers for a woman; a struggle so intense that it calls spirits from the deep. "Cousin Georgina" is one of the best novels of the year.

Passengers to Australia by the Orient Line are now to have an opportunity of investigating the beauties of South Australia from an aeroplane during the steamer's stay in Adelaide. Comfortable planes, with 240-h.p. Siddeley-Puma engines, attend the steamers, and give passengers in transit an opportunity of observing a great deal more of South Australia than could otherwise be seen during the stay of the steamer in the port.

Some idea of the splendid field Canada affords the holiday-maker and the traveller may be gained from the attractive booklets, containing particulars of a number of tours in Canada, issued by the Canadian Pacific Railway. The itineraries described range from a short tour for £40 15s., including ocean fares, to tours-de-luxe. The booklets, which are well illustrated, may be obtained on application to the Canadian Pacific Railway, 62-65, Charing Cross, London, S.W.1.

"MAY FAIR."

QUIETE the finest thing in the way of illustrated brochures that we have yet seen is that entitled "May Fair," compiled and edited by Mr. Clifford Whitley, head of the Publicity Department of the Gordon Hotels, in connection with their magnificent new May Fair Hotel. The brochure contains a wealth of old colour-prints of eighteenth and early nineteenth century scenes in the district, with a large number of modern illustrations in colour; and the artistic taste manifest throughout in the beautiful printing and reproduction work extends also to the advertisement pages. Among the artists who have contributed are Mr. A. J. Templeton, Mr. Victor Hicks, and the Stewart Knock Studios.

On the literary side the brochure is no less attractive. Mr. H. V. Morton, a well-known authority on West-End topography, describes in a delightful essay "how the site of a low carnival became the heart of fashionable London." This "low carnival," we learn, was originated by Edward I., in 1290, under the name of St. James's Fair, to raise money for the Leper Hospital of St. James the Less, on the site where now stands St. James's Palace. It was Henry VIII. who replaced the hospital with a palace, outside which Londoners continued their traditional revels. About the time of the Plague (1665) the carnival was moved to a spot called Brookfield, north of Piccadilly, and became known as May Fair. In 1688 James II. sanctioned it by granting the right to hold a fair on the first day of May, "and fourteen days after, yearly, for ever."

Under Queen Anne, however, May Fair was suppressed (about 1709) as a "publick nuisance" and a "nursery of Vice and Atheism"; but it cropped up again and flourished until about 1750, when, having become obnoxious to residents in the stately houses which had sprung up thereabouts, it finally disappeared through the efforts of George, sixth Earl of Coventry. The brochure also contains an A B C of historic mansions and streets in the neighbourhood, articles on the charm of London and events of the season, and concludes with an interesting account of the May Fair Hotel by Sir Francis Towle, Managing Director of the Gordon Hotels. He dwells on its thoroughly English character, and relates how a distinguished man of affairs said after a tour of inspection: "You have created something new; you have also given to London the most friendly hotel in the world."

THOUGH identical with leather in appearance, "Rexine" costs very much less. Its deep leather grains are made in many patterns, in colours to harmonise with any scheme of decoration. Your furnishing house has samples.

REXINE, LTD.,
70, Spring Gardens, MANCHESTER.
LONDON: 60, Wilson St., Finsbury,
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Φ 14

"Rexine"
BRAND LEATHERCLOTH

BUY BRITISH GOODS — SELL BRITISH GOODS

Carters
INVALID FURNITURE

FOR those debarred from Life's ordinary vocations and compelled to pass their days in irksome inactivity, a Carter Self-propelling Chair yields more than its quota of luxurious ease. How delightful to experience freedom of movement, the contentment born of perfect comfort, and the happy independence that make life worth living—all to be acquired through Carters Invalid Furniture!

Write for Catalogue No. 4 N describing this and a wide variety of Self-propelling Chairs, and see what "Carter Comfort" can mean for you.

There are prices to suit all pockets!

125, 127, 129, Great Portland St.,
London, W.1.
Telephone: Langham 1040.
Telegrams: "Bathchair, Wondo, London."

A MORNING GLASS OF
**KUTNOW'S
POWDER**
A Genuine Spa Treatment For
LIVER & URIC ACID TROUBLE

Home price 2/9 bottle.



The Refined Woman's Preference

The daily use of "4711" Eau de Cologne is essential to every woman who is particular about her appearance. The problem of keeping her skin delightfully fresh and radiant at all times will disappear if you but use "4711" in the ways mentioned below.

Morning Bath

A bath with some "4711" poured in is a delightful experience, fragrant and refreshing. And you are really clean and invigorated because "4711" acts that way on the skin.

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During the rest of the day an occasional rinse with a few drops of "4711" in the toilet basin will keep the skin radiantly beautiful and clear. Using "4711" this way is a real aid to permanent skin health.

Remember that "4711" with the Blue and Gold Label is an Eau de Cologne that is always dependable for guaranteed strength, of absolute purity, and distinctive and lasting fragrance. These qualities have made it a favourite among beautiful women for nearly 150 years.

Of all Dealers in High-Class Perfumes
2/-, 4/-, 8/-, 14/-, 15/-, 30/- & 56/- per bottle

4711. *Eau de Cologne*

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"THE SHADOW OF A GUNMAN." AT THE COURT. IN "The Shadow of a Gunman" we get early work of Mr. Sean O'Casey. The craftsmanship is not so sure; the dialogue is not so appropriate to the theatre and the action as in "Juno and the Paycock." We are given here the author's usual mixture of farce and tragedy, but the mixing is not done deftly enough to prevent the audience from laughing in the wrong place. Once more we move in the atmosphere of Irish civil war, an atmosphere of murder and shooting in the streets and of terror and sorrow indoors. The scene is a tenement house, the various tenants of which insist on mistaking a timid poet for a gun-man. The poet, a craven pedlar who spends most of his time in bed, a toper, a mouther of long words, and two garrulous women—these, together with a Cockney auxiliary, are Mr. O'Casey's chief characters, and to most of them he lends the individuality and humour which always give life to his plays. There is also a poor girl who hides bombs, is arrested, and is killed; she provides the pathos of the drama, and her craven companions supply the fun. Their drolleries have a bizarre setting, but that is Mr. O'Casey's way. With many signs of amateurishness about it, there is still sincerity in this piece, and therefore scope for excellent acting; Mr. Arthur Sinclair enjoying the lion's share, but Mr. Sydney Morgan, Mr. Harry Hutchinson, Mr. Edwin Ellis, Miss Sara Allgood, Miss Maire O'Neill, and Mr. J. A. O'Rourke all getting a look in. There is no need to praise the Irish Players.

"ANNE—ONE HUNDRED."
AT THE SAVOY.

When you first meet Anne Briston, heroine of a play Sewell Collins has made out of a short story by Edgar Franklin, she seems nothing more than a coddled flapper with a passion for munching

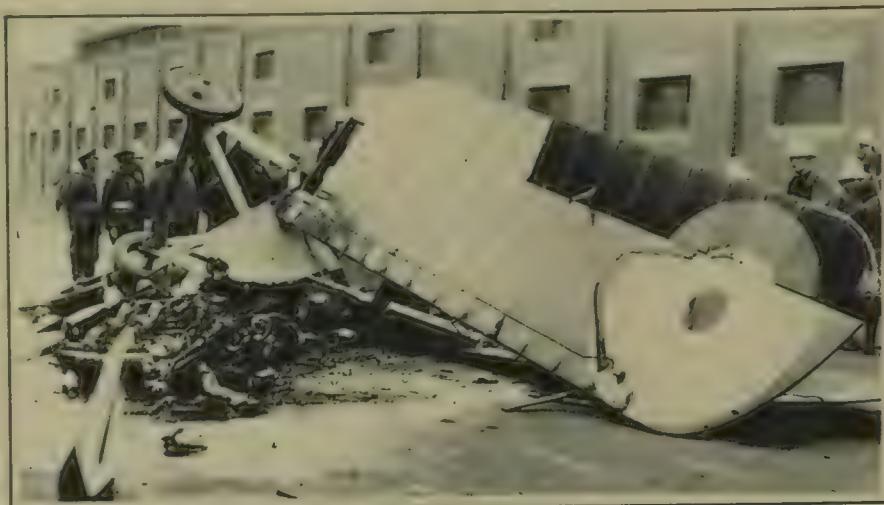
chocolates. But there are latent possibilities in her, you are to understand, which the risk of losing all her luxuries quickly develops. Heiress of a soap-manufacturer, she discovers that the managers left in charge are ruining the business. Utterly without experience, she nevertheless takes control, sacks incompetence and villainy, promotes and finally marries honest worth, and in six months' time the business is put on its legs, notwithstanding a wicked plot, which partly succeeds, to blow up part of the factory. The story has little probability about it.

at the Savoy. Mr. G. H. Mulcaster, Miss Henrietta Watson, and Mr. Julian Royce are among the experienced artists who give her support; while the success of Billy Speechley in an office-boy part should not be overlooked.

One of the most delightful of French seaside resorts is La Baule, which is situated amid a pine forest on the Loire estuary, in southern Brittany. It claims to have the finest sands in Europe, and its magnificent climate, due to the Gulf Stream, makes it a paradise of flowers and rare plants throughout the summer. La Baule is at its best in spring and autumn, the most agreeable month being September, when a series of artistic fêtes and sports championships are held. The sporting events include motor races, swimming challenge cups, athletics, tennis tournaments, golf, yachting, and fencing championships. The golf course lies amid beautiful surroundings at Le Pouliguen. Yachting is perhaps the most popular pastime at La Baule, which has a picturesque harbour. At the theatre of the municipal casino are given grand opera, light opera, and musical comedy, as well as classical concerts and dances in the hall and the restaurant. La Baule is also an excellent centre for shooting and sea-fishing, and for excursions to places of historic interest.

Captain Lindbergh's flight of 3600 miles from New York to Paris, at a speed of 107 miles per hour for thirty-three and a half hours, was an amazing demonstration of engine efficiency. The question of lubrication was, without doubt, a vital one, and motorists will be interested to know that Captain Lindbergh chose the grade of Mobiloil as specified for the 200-h.p. air-cooled radial Wright Whirlwind

engine by the Vacuum Oil Company—Mobiloil "B." He followed the advice of the Board of Engineers of the Vacuum Oil Company, and used a standard grade of Mobiloil such as is obtainable at all garages.



THE FATAL AIR COLLISION IN MELBOURNE ON THE ARRIVAL OF THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK: WRECKAGE OF ONE OF THE TWO MACHINES, WHOSE FOUR OCCUPANTS WERE KILLED.

Just as the Duke and Duchess of York were driving into the grounds of Government House, Melbourne, on the day of their arrival (April 21), two of the five military aeroplanes forming the aerial escort collided, crashed, and burst into flames. One fell into a motor-garage, and the other, (shown above) into a side street. All four occupants were killed—namely, Flying Officer R. I. Dines, Flight-Lieut. V. H. Thornton, Sergeant W. Hay, and Corporal J. Ramsden, all of the Royal Australian Air Force. The Duke and Duchess (as noted on page 995) were deeply distressed, and sent messages of sympathy to the relatives, as also did the King on hearing of the accident.

but it is briskly told and it is briskly interpreted. Particularly engaging and jolly is Miss Vera Lennox, who improves with each new part she plays, and well deserved the eulogies of her first-night audience

A New Experience of inexpressible delight to the

DEAF

which has attracted and fascinated the whole of the deaf world.
SOMETHING POSITIVELY UNIQUE IN HEARING AIDS.

Entirely different and totally distinct from mass production instruments claimed to be suitable for "all kinds of deafness." Each aid is a triumph of individual craftsmanship and a masterpiece of scientific construction.

THE "SHELLACON"—A MARVEL IN MINIATURE

How can such a volume of pure, absolutely undistorted sound reach the ear from such a tiny aid?

That is the question on everyone's lips, for the manner in which The "Shellacon" transmits conversation from any angle and music from any distance within the reach of normal ears is almost beyond comprehension.

DEAFNESS IS NO LONGER A DETECTABLE AFFLICTION.

A false limb, with its attendant limp, a glass eye that invariably stares, even pince-nez pronounce the wearer as having a handicap, but The "Shellacon" completely hides deafness, because it is so compact and is capable of entire concealment.

IN A SINGLE DAY THE NEW "SHELLACON" HAS IMMEASURABLY DEPRECIATED THE VALUE OF EVERY OTHER HEARING AID on the MARKET.

WHAT THE "SHELLACON"

MEANS TO YOU PERSONALLY.

1. It will so improve your hearing that your friends will hardly credit that it is you to whom they are speaking.
2. In place of concealed amusement, which you can almost read in the faces of some people who know you are deaf, open amazement will be shown at the way you hear everything.

No matter what you at present use or what you have tried, you will find the "Shellacon" immeasurably superior.



Grey Hair

INECTO is the supreme restorative of grey hair; it reproduces perfectly the natural colour of the hair, and restores the youthful tone and texture; it is no tiresome process, taking but thirty minutes to achieve the desired result. Inecto recolouration is permanent, and the hair may afterwards be permanently or marcel waved.

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SALONS:—

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32, Dover Street
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McCallum's
Perfecto
Scots Whisky

Of old, they cried—McCallum More!
Now, their cry is—More McCallum!

SHELLACON

Made exclusively by General Acoustics, Ltd. the work of whom has, for the past 30 years, been encouraged and highly commended by doctors and eminent ear specialists, and whose other instruments for the deaf are used exclusively in the largest London hospitals.

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Telephone: Mayfair 1557.

BRANCHES: 14, St. Ann's Square, Manchester; 661, Corporation St., Birmingham; 75, Buchanan St., Glasgow; 19, Shandwick Place, Edinburgh.

FREE TESTS.

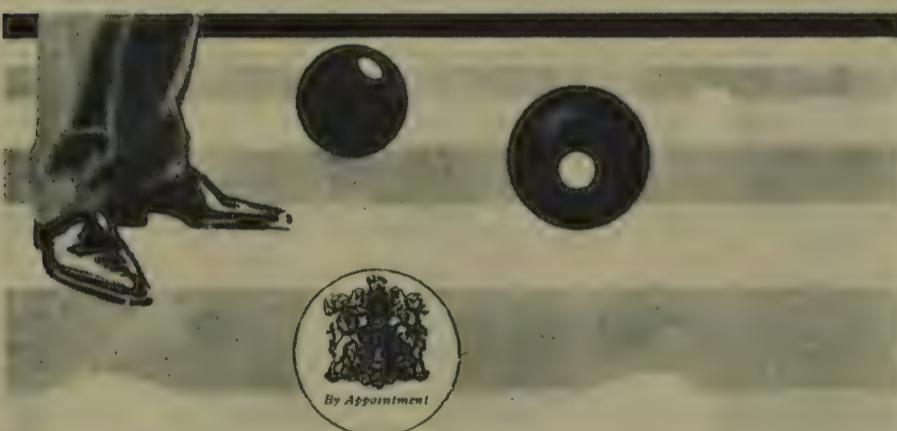
When calling for a Free Test please ask for our special Demonstrator in private suite No. 2—the most perfectly appointed in the largest building in the world devoted exclusively to aiding the deaf. If you cannot call, write for full particulars to Suite No. 2.



The Grand Salon
and Reading Room

HOTEL CONTINENTAL PARIS

The rendez-vous of English aristocracy Dominating the Tuilleries gardens



FIRST BOWL: "I didn't think you could get round me that time."

SECOND " "Nor could I, were the green not perfect."

YOUR bowls enthusiast is struck dumb with horror if the green is anything less smooth than a billiard table. Every blade of grass has to be in exact trim. That's why Green's Mowers are used on the very finest bowling greens. For accuracy, easy action, speed and long life a Green's is very hard to beat!

As with bowls, so with cricket, tennis, golf, croquet—every grass game. Play the game under ideal conditions by having the grass cut with—

The famous Silens Messor and the New Century Lawn Mowers are known and appreciated throughout the World. Motor Mowers, fitted with reversible self-sharpening cylinders, a speciality, in sizes 16" to 42".

GREEN'S

WORLD RENOWNED
LAWN MOWERS & ROLLERS

THOS. GREEN & SON, LTD.

Smithfield Iron Works,
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Green's De Luxe model
of their famous Silens
Messor machine is de-
signed for very fine,
close cutting, so essen-
tial for smart Lawns,
Golf and Bowling Greens.



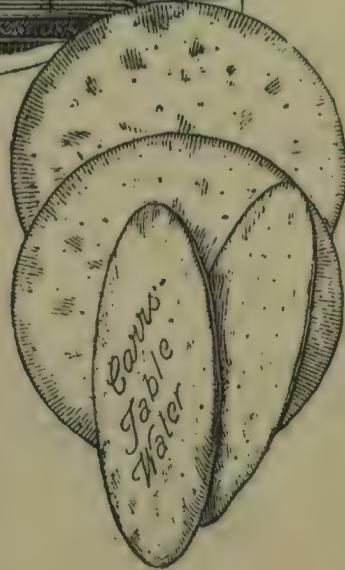
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FULLY
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No. 51



CARR'S Table Water BISCUITS

No other water biscuit so
good, so crisp, so thin.
Delicious with cheese

Made only by
CARR & CO. LTD.
The original makers of
biscuits by machinery
CARLISLE



THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

A NEW BRITISH SIX-CYLINDER CAR OF LOW PRICE.

THE 15-h.p. six-cylinder Brocklebank which I took out the other day for trial and report is a newcomer, and, as such, is, I suppose, entitled to rather more leniency than an older car would receive in a critical review. As a matter of fact, I have driven many cars which are not only rivals of the Brocklebank in its own price-class, but of others costing a good deal more, which have not put up so good a performance. The number on the engine of the Brocklebank I tried is No. 105; but I believe that, as a complete car, its serial number was within the first twenty or so.

This new British car represents, I believe, quite frankly an attempt to counter some of the attacks on our moderate-priced market by six-cylinder American cars. America's ideas and our own differ very widely over the meaning of the words "light" and "small." What the American calls a light small car is generally, in our eyes, at the very least a medium-weight machine, and as often as not a big one. For example, we have come to regard an engine with a three-litre capacity as something fairly powerful and fast, and capable of carrying considerable



OUR "CAR OF THE WEEK": THE 15-H.P. BROCKLEBANK FOUR-DOOR SALOON.

Improvements produce still finer results

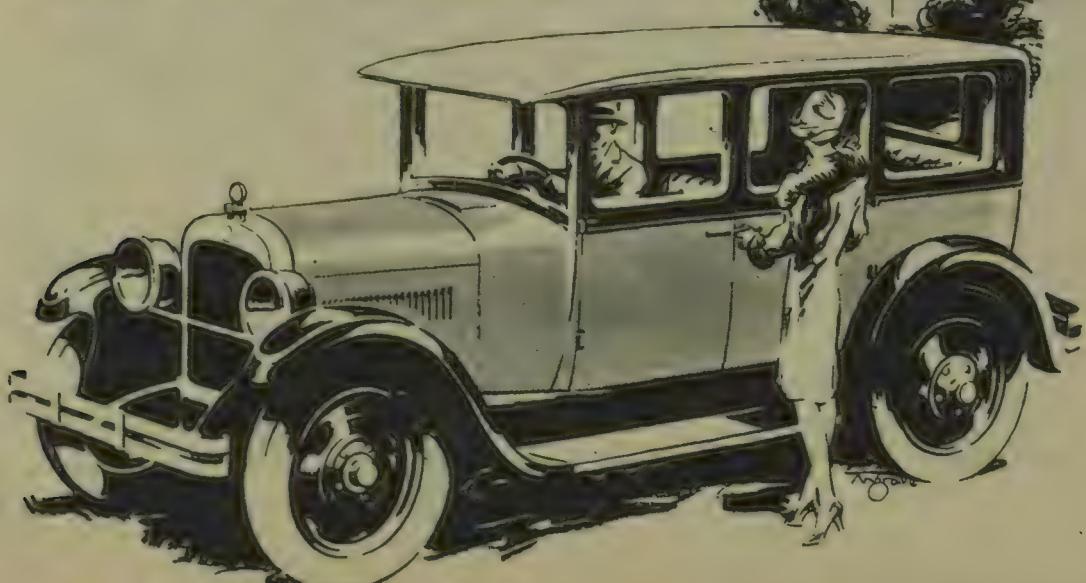
By adopting a Five Bearing crankshaft—made of chrome vanadium steel—and by incorporating many other recent improvements, Dodge Brothers again prove that quality and not cost is the end and aim of everything they do.

You instantly sense the importance of these improvements. Never has a Dodge Brothers engine delivered its generous power with such smoothness at all speeds. And you will express equal enthusiasm over the easy steering, the silent action clutch, new lines and colours and many other advanced features.

Without question, here is the finest performing car in Dodge Brothers history—and the smartest. You will have to go far higher in price to find its equal in power—zest—flexibility and smoothness of operation.

DODGE BROTHERS (BRITAIN) LTD.
FACTORY: PARK ROYAL, LONDON, N.W. 10.

DODGE BROTHERS MOTOR CARS



loads. The average American three-litre car has a performance which is, as a rule, something between that of our one-and-a-half litre and two litres. The Brocklebank, whose engine dimensions are 63.5 by 108, has a capacity of a shade over two litres. Without having, from a European point of view, a notable performance, it should certainly prove to be a distinctly serious "gesture" in the face of the latest phase of the American invasion. It is low in price and decidedly high in quality.

The engine has overhead valves, operated by push-rods, the crankshaft being carried on four bearings. It is a particularly neatly arranged unit, and the finish is unusually good in this price-class. Those who study carburation problems will be interested in the design of the inlet manifold, which is of restricted bore and has two sharp angles. It is quite unlike any other I have yet seen. It appears to be completely successful. Lubrication is by pressure feed to all moving parts, the pressure itself being adjustable from the outside of the engine by altering the setting of the release valve. An excellent feature is the provision for emptying the base chamber without the usual abominable necessity for unscrewing a plug in the base.

The cooling is by pump circulation with a fan, the drive being by a rubber belt whose adjustment is automatic. Power is taken from the engine to the three-speed gear-box through a single-plate clutch of a remarkably successful type. Gear-box, clutch-case, and engine are arranged as a unit, but it is possible to adjust the clutch without dismantling anything of importance. The back axle is of the orthodox type, with the usual banjo panel, allowing the differential gear to be comfortably dismantled. What is known as the Hotchkiss drive is employed. The universal joints are together—rather unusual, in that the rearmost one is of the fabric type, and the one behind the gear-box of the metal type. The lubrication of the steering-gear box is effected by a wick feed from a reserve holding enough oil to last for three months.

The chief feature of the Brocklebank's behaviour on the road is the easy way in which it tackles its work. The engine is not particularly quiet in action, but such noise as it makes is anything but objectionable. Even at forty-five miles an hour, when I imagine the revolution rate is approaching its maximum, you never get any sensation of hurry. It is well balanced, and I could discover no vibration period of any importance throughout its range of speed. It takes up smartly, gets away well, and shows a fair degree of flexibility while traffic-crawling on top gear. I was handicapped in my efforts to form a fair judgment of the car because the particular machine I tried was undergoing experiments with a new form of carburettor, which I was informed was by no means so successful as the one normally fitted for delivery.

(Continued overleaf.)



MINERVA CARS are built for those in search of dignified exclusiveness and rare quality. Their extraordinary silence and exceptionally smooth running are delightful. Moreover, there is a charm in the coachwork of a Minerva which makes every model a positively luxurious motor carriage. 12/14 h.p.; 20 h.p. & 30 h.p.—all Six-Cylinder Models. Each fitted with Four-Wheel Vacuum Brakes.

MINERVA MOTORS, Ltd.,
Minerva House, Chancery Street,
London, W.C.1



**"It is a wonderful job!
It has run faultlessly"—thus writes**

a Purfleet owner of a 10 h.p. Swift, whose testimony is similar to that of numerous other owners. Read what he has to say about his SWIFT:—

3rd May, 1927

Just a line to express my appreciation of the 10 h.p. Swift. It is a wonderful job . . . It has run faultlessly . . . The climbing powers of the Swift are amazing. I heard a man say the other day—"The Swift have got a good thing." I agreed!

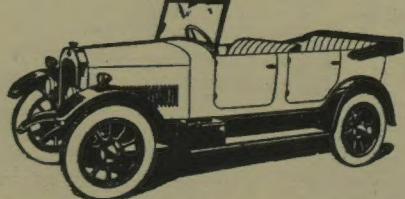
H. H. S.

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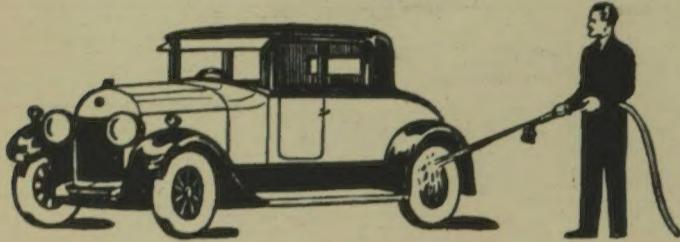
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Continued
to the public. Nevertheless, I thought that the easy and comfortable way in which well over fifty miles an hour was attained was ample proof of the car's pretensions to be an all-round touring car.

There are one or two things which I think could be improved in this highly interesting British attempt at a popular type of medium-powered six-cylinder car. In the first place, I think the car would be greatly improved by having a four-speed gear-box instead of a three-speed. The one now fitted affords unusually easy and noiseless gear-changing, but I was not favourably impressed with the various ratios. It struck me that second speed was too high-geared, as it was necessary to come down to first speed at approximately fifteen miles an hour about three-quarters of the way up Pebblecombe Hill. Immediately after the bottom gear had been engaged, the car



CLEANING THE CAR: THE "NIAGARA" COMBINATION BRUSH IN USE.

Messrs. A. H. Hunt's "Niagara" Combination Brush is a little implement which is clipped on to the end of the hose and places at the disposal of the user either a powerful jet or a water-fed cleaning-brush. In the latter case, the water is forced through the base of the brush and along the bristles. As two types of brush are available, a soft one for fine coachwork and a hard one for the under-carriage, the whole car can be covered without the use of a sponge; while the extra reach given enables awkwardly placed parts to be reached and efficiently cleaned. The complete apparatus can be bought for twenty-five shillings from the makers, Messrs. A. H. Hunt, Ltd., Tunstall Road, Croydon.

accelerated briskly, but, for a two-litre engine with six cylinders, I did not think the showing quite good enough.

The four-wheel brake set is of an American hydraulic pattern, actually manufactured in this country. It is extremely powerful, and the adjustment is of the simplest kind, consisting merely in the manipulation of a plunger in the oil reservoir. This method is said automatically to compensate all four

brakes, but in practice it struck me that there was a slight pull on one side. The hand-operated transmission brake was adequate, but no more. I must criticise the position of the lever, which is much too close to the clutch pedal, allowing no room for an ordinary-sized foot to rest on the floor between.

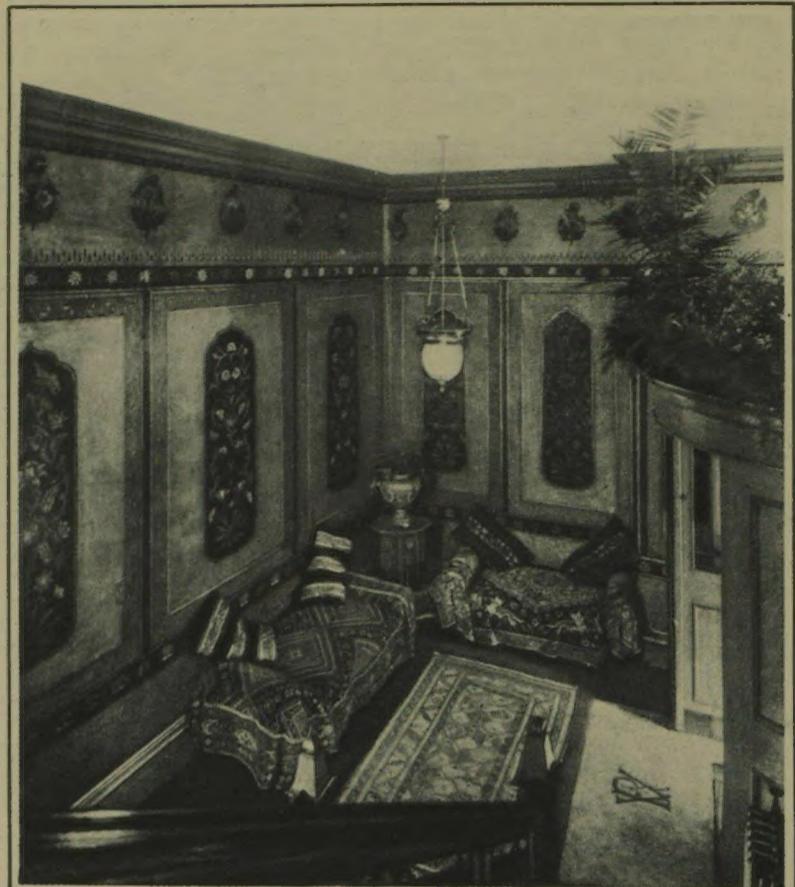
The springing, which is by half-elliptics all round, struck me as good, the steering light and steady, and the lock unusually generous.

One of the best features of the equipment is the hingeing of the fascia-board carrying the various dials. This means that the whole thing can be swung down, and that usual bugbear, the electric wiring, comfortably inspected. A six-volt battery is employed in the electrical plant.

The saloon body, which has four doors and adjustable front seats, is roomy and fairly comfortable. I was favourably impressed by the absence of rattles of any kind, especially as the car in question has already covered some 14,000 miles. I think that an improvement can be effected in the comfort of the driver and his

companion by altering the angle of the front seats, and by increasing the length of the steering column. Altogether, the Brocklebank is a thoroughly interesting production at the price of £395 for the saloon, £385 for the touring car, and £275 for the chassis, complete

with every accessory except a screen-wiper and driving mirror, both of which must, naturally, be adapted to the form of bodywork chosen. JOHN PRIOLEAU.



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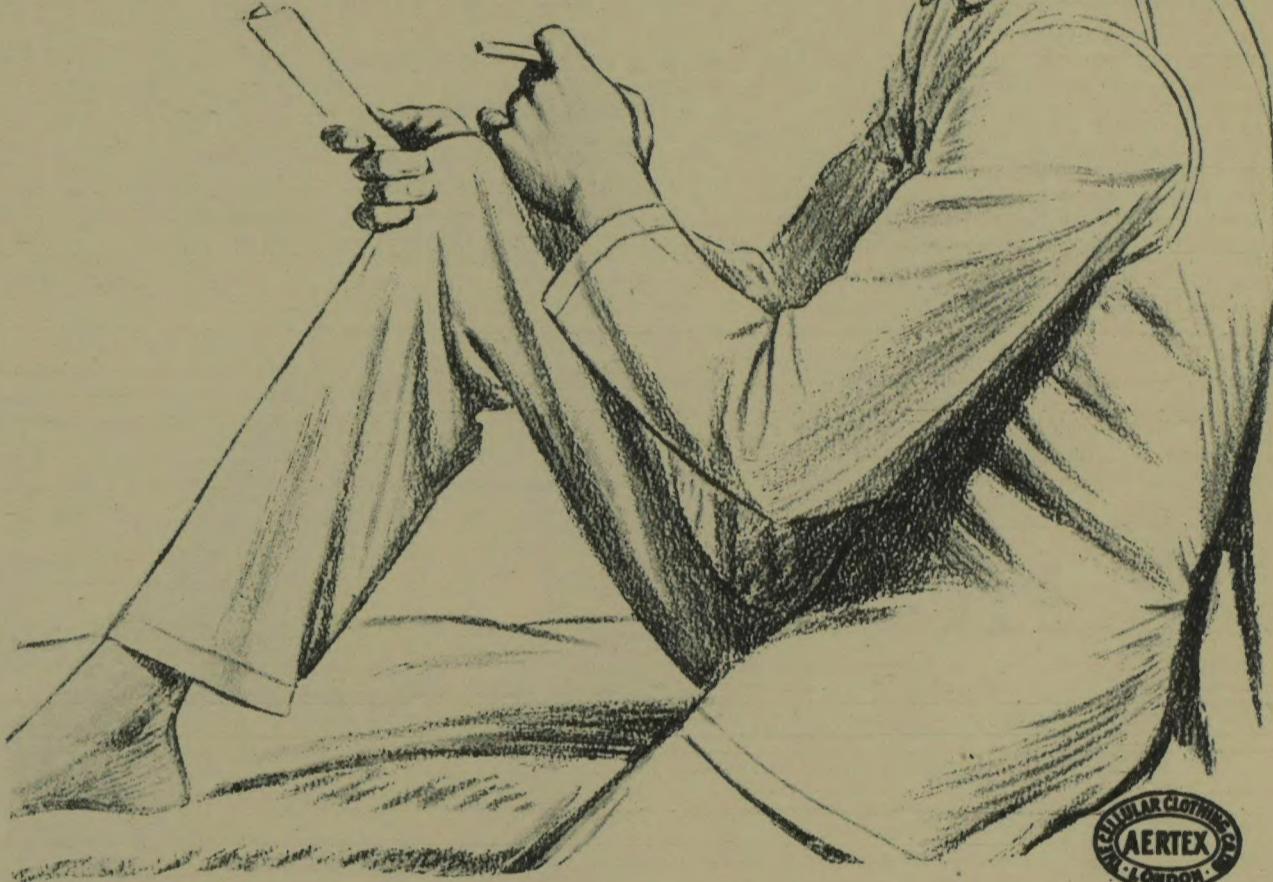
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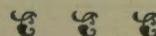


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RADIO NOTES.

READERS who are considering the purchase of a self-contained receiver may be interested to know of the latest "Portable," which will receive Daventry at loud-speaker strength anywhere within a radius of 200 miles (or more) from that station, and other stations which are twenty to twenty-five miles distant from the receiver. The set is equally well suited for use in the home, as it is unobtrusive and compact, and completely self-contained, including the loud-speaker and batteries. The cabinet is of solid fumed oak, and measures 18 in. wide, 17 in. high, and 8 in. from back to front.

Five low-consumption valves (two H.F., Detector; two L.F.) are supplied with filament current from an Exide 2 volts, 20 amp., non-spillable accumulator, and high-tension current is derived from a 108-volt dry battery. A grid-bias battery is included also. The loud-speaker incorporated in the cabinet has a specially designed horn, constructed on the exponential principle, which allows its length of 3 ft. 2 in. to be accommodated within the cabinet, and accounts largely for the exceptional volume and clarity of broadcast reproduction. Only three controls are necessary for tuning this receiver—a tuning dial, a switch, and a knob for volume control. The

positions of stations tuned in may be marked on a chart above the tuning dial, and, after once making the recording marks, stations may be tuned in by turning the dial to the respective positions noted on the chart. The switch has three positions—top for short-wave stations, bottom for Daventry or other long-wave stations, centre for switching off.

Two terminals are fitted to the left side of the operating panel, and to these an additional loud-speaker may be connected, if desired. For those owners who like to experiment with the reception of other distant stations, additional terminals are provided to which an outdoor or indoor aerial and an earth may be connected, but for ordinary use the frame aerial already embodied in the set is sufficient. With all portable sets the matter of weight has to be considered, consequently the accumulator needs to be of small size; but in the set which is being described provision is made for connecting to sockets a larger accumulator when it is desired to operate the receiver in one particular place for a lengthy period. The same sockets may be used for re-charging the internal accumulator without removal of the latter. This new instrument, which costs thirty guineas complete, is the product of Burndep Wireless, Ltd., and contains many exclusive features which make this dual-purpose radio receiver one

that will appeal to those who desire a well-made and up-to-date instrument.

On Whit Monday broadcast items from London, Daventry, and other stations will include dance music and a concert party entertainment relayed from one of the seaside resorts between 3 and 5 p.m.; and a popular concert from 8 to 10.15 p.m. During the evening concert performances will be given by the Wireless Military Band, Flotsam and Jetsam, Miss Doris Vane, Mr. Harold Williams, and the blind entertainer, Mr. Ronald Gourley. Dance music will be transmitted from 10.30 p.m. until midnight.

The Southern Command Military Tattoo is to be broadcast from Tidworth early in August, when listeners will hear the military bands' tattoo effects, and a running commentary of the events during performance.

Miss Yvonne Arnaud, who is a fine player of the harpsichord and of the pianoforte, in addition to being a brilliant actress, is to accompany the distinguished Belgian cellist, Mr. George Pitsch, during a joint recital from London, on Sunday, June 12. The programme will also include items played by the London Flute Quartet which broadcast for the first time a few weeks ago.



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